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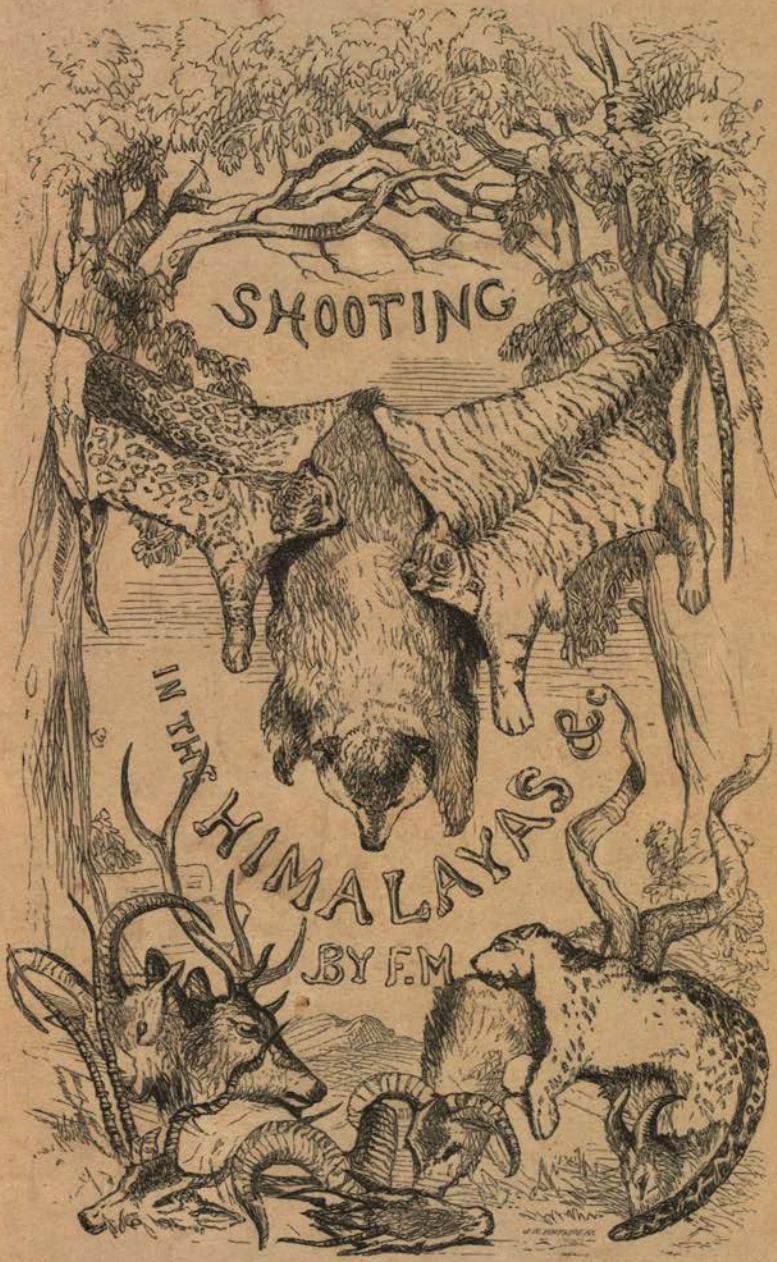
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1854.

SHOOTING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

A JOURNAL OF

SPORTING ADVENTURES AND TRAVEL

IN

CHINESE TARTARY, LADAC, THIBET, CASHMERE, &c.

BY

COLONEL FRED. MARKHAM, C.B.
32ND REGIMENT.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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SPORTING ADVENTURES IN THE HIMALAYAS.

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Embark for India.—Land at Calcutta.—Determine to keep a Journal.—The plan thereof.—Chinsurah.—Calcutta.—Sheik Ibrahim.—Horse dealing.—Shooting on the march.—Meerut.—Leave of absence.—Start for the Himalayas.—Deyrah Dhoon.—Major Mayne—Shooting in the Dhoon.—An accident.—The first tiger.—Hurdwar.—The great fair.—Beautiful scenery.—Chunda Ghât.—Tiger.—Deer.—Return to Deyrah.

ALARM being excited by the accounts received from India during the campaign on the Sutlej, strong reinforcements of European troops were hurried out early in the summer of 1846. One of the corps embarked was the 32nd regiment, under my command. The voyage, prosperous and monotonous as usual, was performed; and, with my first view of the Bengal coast, I resolved to keep a journal.

Reader, be not alarmed at that word of fear—a journal. You shall not be dragged panting over the heavy ground of historical reminiscences; neither rattled over the battle fields that gained an empire, nor told after what manner they should have been won. I shall leave you just as well informed upon the respective merits of the Supreme Court, and Sudder Adowlut, as you may now happen to be; and neither salt nor opium, land-tax nor khutput, shall be suffered to intrude upon our shooting-grounds. In the following extracts we will wander amongst the snowy peaks, and through the ice-bound valleys of the grandest mountains in the world; and, rifle in hand, note down the triumphs and disappointments of a sportsman's life in the Himalayas.

After a delay of more than two months at Chinsurah, a station surrounded by tanks, fever-stricken and cholera-haunted, cursed moreover with a splendid barrack, as if to tempt the authorities to keep it occupied, the regiment (having paid the toll levied


THIBET
LADAK
ZANSKAR
CHINESE TARTARY
Cashmere
or Serinagger
Kashgar
Yarkund
Khotan
Leh or Ladak
Skardo
Rudok
Gartop
Lahoul
Badrawar
Chumba
Kishtewar
Chenab R.
Ravee R.
Beyah R.
Sutlej R.
Lahore
Amritsir
Jullunder
Ludiana
Ferozepoor
Sultanpoor
MUNDEE
SIRMOOR
BRITISH GURWHAL
Sutlej R.
Jumna R.
Indus R.
Gogra R.
Kalee R.
Nitee Pass
Mana Pass
Kailas
Manasarowar Lake
Rawan Hrad Lake
Tso Lake
Dumayoor Lake
Tso Lake
Serinagger
Kedarnath
Badrinath
Nahun
Kotgur
Sabathoo
Kotgur
Simla
Kotgur
Kotgur
Kotgur

upon new comers to the amount of fifty lives), marched for the north-west provinces.

During this time, being within twenty-six miles of Calcutta, I had passed there many pleasant days, received much kindness, and was initiated into the daily routine of an Indian life about town. The centre point of attraction was the Arab stables of that prince of horse-dealers, Sheik Ibrahim, who deserves to be commemorated were it only for his honesty. Filled with the best bred horses to be found in India, many an hour did I pass there; companionable as other horses may be, there are none to compare for sociality with high caste Arabs. Four thousand pounds did the old Sheik take from the regiment, with an air of the most perfect indifference, and, wonderful to say, not a bargain was repented of in after times.

Thus admirably mounted we set forth upon our march for Meerut with 700 bullock hackeries, and 2000 followers in our train. We shot wherever shooting was to be had,

and few places were totally bare of game. Deer, antelope, and nyl-ghau, were killed near the line of march, the sportmen's bags were well filled, and the mess supplied with pea-fowl, partridges, rock-pigeons (often called grouse), fine birds, weighing about seventeen ounces,* and very wild, quails, snipes, &c. We were likewise indulged with numerous reports of tigers, leopards, and bears. When halting at large stations, cricket was the order of the day.

The spring of 1847 found the regiment at Meerut, fast settling down into the steady routine of an Indian corps, having left many English ideas upon the road, and become acclimatised, as well in mind, as in body. The hot season was commencing, during which drill is impossible, and forced idleness rules the plains.

Recollections of many an expedition in Canadian forests, marked indelibly in

* There are several varieties of the rock-pigeon, differing in size, which I was not aware of when I noted that weight in my Journal.

memory's map by the fall of the noble moose, the death of many a bear, the jolly camp, and the dear friends who had shared both toil and sport, led me to look with longing eyes in the direction of the towering summits of the Himalayas. Arrangements were soon made, six months' leave of absence obtained, and a companion found in Robyn, one of my sporting ensigns.

On the evening of the 2nd April, placing our palanqueens on horse-trucks, we were driven with various success sixty miles to Deobun. Halting there during the heat of the day, we, Englishlike, passed the hottest hours in the sun, skylarking and pelting the monkies who swarmed in troops around the place. Continuing our journey with bearers towards the Deyrah Dhoon, where we were to remain a fortnight *en route* to the hills, daylight found us at the foot of the pass through the Sewalick Hills, a low, but picturesque range, which divides the beautiful valley of the Dhoon from the plains of India. Jumping from the palanqueens we

walked through the pass as the sun rose. The scenery very beautiful, a relief to the eyes after the flat uninteresting country we had lived in for the last four months; the sides of the pass, clothed with trees and shrubs of colder regions, intermingled with those of India and Bengal; and before us lay spread the rich broad valley, with the giant masses of the Himalayas rising half way to the skies, as a back-ground to the scene.

Breakfast hour brought us to Major Mayne's house, who was to be our purveyor of sport in the valley. I had made his acquaintance at cricket; one of the many good fellows I have made friends with at that noble game, a capital soldier and a good cricketer; and many a happy day we have passed together since. The day was spent packing the howdahs and so forth.

The party was complete; and next morning all started on horseback for Jogee-Wallah, whither the elephants had been sent on over-night. A jolly breakfast party of nine hungry sportsmen, and then—

hurrah! for the jungle. I know not a finer or more exciting spectacle than a line of elephants beating for tigers. The larger and most courageous elephants carrying the howdahs, placed at equal distances, with the inferior animals between as beaters, sometimes almost hidden from each other, as the line advances through the tall grass and reeds, thickly matted together by the luxuriant growth of innumerable shrubs and creepers, the mahouts alternately coaxing and bullying the huge animals as they go crushing their way deliberately through the jungle, with an occasional shrill cry of pain and disgust from some elephant more timid or thin-skinned than the others, at being forced through a thorny mass of tangled rose bushes—a favourite lay of tigers; the startled deer, feathered game, rising every few paces; the well-appointed sportsmen, the white garments of the mahouts, the wild-looking half naked villager taken up from his fields, to show the ground; all form together a scene not

easily forgotten by those who witness it for the first time.

Carefully we beat a most likely jungle, full of deer, peafowl, partridges, &c.; not a shot was fired, lest the nobler game should be disturbed. At last, despairing of a tiger, we blazed away at everything, and had capital shooting until tiffin re-assembled the party; one of whom, to our great distress, was brought in with his hand dreadfully shattered by the bursting of his gun.

Having sent him home under charge of Doctor Bruce, one of the party, who kindly went with him, and being satisfied he would be well taken care of, we beat steadily on, when three shots in quick succession were fired on the right of the line.—"Dekho sahib, dekho! bagh!"* screeched out by a dozen voices, sent the whole line in pursuit; the elephants, urged to their utmost speed, crashed through the jungle, screaming and trumpetting as they smelt the tiger; a

* Look, Sir! look! a tiger!

waving line is seen on the surface of the long grass, as of some large animal moving swiftly and stealthily along, and then, charging at full speed, the tiger with a final spring fixed himself upon Mayne's elephant, which, after a violent struggle, succeeded in shaking him off. Severely wounded, he retired into some long grass, and in making a second charge, was shot dead. He was a fine animal, well grown, and full of pluck, and with our spirits raised at the success of our maiden essay in tiger shooting (for as a matter of course everybody killed him), we returned to camp, now pitched at Khan-serai-chokee; where we found our wounded man doing well, and able to bear being sent into the station during the night.

April 6th.—Moved camp, shot many deer, jungle fowl, &c., but no tigers, and finished the day with a steeple chase into camp, great fun. Next morning the elephants started off early, we following on horseback, through most beautiful scenery lying close under the hills where the Ganges bursts forth a full-

grown river, in all its magnificence. Beat some capital jungle but did not find, so commenced shooting deer, till a boy from a party of herdsmen reported a bullock killed yesterday; took him up to show the spot; found the tiger, killed, and went home.

April 8th.—To Hurdwar; beat all the way, and found nothing. The great fair was going on, which is one of the most remarkable and interesting in Asia. Wandered through the varied crowd of pilgrims and merchants, Brahmins and jugglers, buyers, sellers, devotees, and dancing girls, who, mingled with thieves and adventurers, the scum of the east, and those attracted by curiosity and fanaticism, make up the varied crowd of a fair on the banks of the sacred stream. Great numbers were washing their blackness in the Ganges. Many lives used to be lost annually, by the multitude rushing at certain hours to bathe in certain favourite spots, somewhat, I fancy, upon the principle of "the devil take the hindmost." The Ghâts were widened in

consequence, and the police regulations being now more stringent, fatal accidents are of rarer occurrence.

Rode down to Asseyghur, an old fort on the Ganges; saw no game, but had a good dip in the holy river, and felt decidedly refreshed thereby.

Two days at the fair being sufficient to satisfy our curiosity, we moved again into the jungle, and for the next four days our shooting-ground lay at the foot of the hills, and amidst some of the most beautiful scenery in the valley. The trees and shrubs of India grow side by side with those of Europe. Bamboo, firs, mangoes, horse-chestnuts, cedars, oaks, all flourish together; wild raspberries and plantains are scattered through the jungles. Game of all sorts abounds, but we were prevented beating for tigers in the jungles near the pass leading to Chunda Ghât, by the numerous pits dug for wild elephants. No supper and cold water one day, and plenty to eat and drink but no tents another, were the most

interesting incidents. Our sport was good, but tame.

The 15th brought us back to Jogee Wallah, the scene of our first day's sport. Had some capital deer-shooting, pea-fowl, &c., as usual, but no tiger. Got into camp early, and had the howdahs off the elephants, when in came two little boys crying, to tell us that a tiger had just taken off one of their bullocks. Howdahs on immediately, guns reloaded, all in hot haste, and starting in a great state of excitement, formed line in front of where the tiger had gone. My elephant came right upon him in a large patch of very long grass; he bolted, and I had two bad shots at him whilst in the grass. These turned him straight for Robyn's elephant, and I thought he was going to charge. Four shots were fired by Robyn, and the line was by this time in full pursuit; but all in vain, we could never find him again. We tried for him next morning very early, and found that during the night he had dragged his bullock more than a hundred yards from the

old place, and eaten a hearty supper. We now made sure of him, but all our efforts were fruitless, both then and in the afternoon.

Much disappointed, we consoled ourselves by shooting many deer; and bringing our tiger campaign to a conclusion, returned to Deyrah Dhoon, after having passed the pleasantest fortnight I had spent in India.



PUHARRIE COOLIE.

CHAPTER II.

Departure from the Dhoon.—The Himalayas.—Landour.—Phaidee.—Bala.—The Kakur, or barking deer.—Why so called.—Its habits.—Singular noise.—The Valley of the Ganges.—Dorassoo.—Beautiful scenery.—A Julah, or suspension-bridge.—Mr. Wilson.—Collection of birds and skins.—Hard work and difficult walking.—Tahir.—Himalayan forests.—Tahir described.—The Gerow.—Rain and snow drive us from Benara.—A tiger's track.—After-dinner conversation.—Wilson's story.—A night adventure with a tigress.

Our sojourn in the Dhoon was merely a prologue to the play. The Himalayas were our object, and three weeks after leaving Meerut we shook the dust of the plains off our feet, and turned our faces to the hills. We had added to our party two very good fellows, who had been with us tiger-shooting. By way of a beginning, we walked the seven miles up hill to Landour, and remaining a couple of days at that resort of grass-widows and idle bachelors, real invalids, and those only sick of the hot winds, we made our final

arrangements, and started upon our sporting pilgrimage.

April 26th, to Phaidee, twelve miles. The scenery very beautiful, hills covered with oak and rhododendron. Next day to Bala, two-thirds of the route lay up a valley, a hot walk up a steep ascent. Had a good shot at two kakur, or barking deer, but missed. This species of deer is common on all the lower and middle ranges of the hills, up to an elevation of between eight and nine thousand feet; it is at times met with much higher, or occasionally following a long way up some of the rivers in the Snowy ranges. The kakur is rather slightly made, about two feet in height, and four in length, with a short smooth coat of a light red colour. The male has short erect horns, from eight to ten inches long, with a spur an inch in length pointing forwards; it is also distinguished from the female by having short tusks in the upper jaw. Its name has been given to it, from its call having some resemblance to the barking of a fox. It is not dissimilar, but

much louder, and it is of common occurrence both by night and day. When aware of anything unusual in its vicinity, which it does not see, it will often keep barking at short intervals, till the cause of its alarm be gone, or being disturbed itself, goes off to another quarter. As it runs a curious rattling noise may often be heard, not unlike two pieces of loose bone knocked sharply together, loud enough to be heard fifty or sixty yards off; how this singular sound is produced has not yet been discovered. The venison is well tasted in the autumn and up to midwinter, but is seldom fat. Being easily got at, the Himalayan sportsman looks upon the kakur somewhat with indifference, except in the absence of larger game; he often finds it close to his encampment, in the coppices and jungles near villages and road sides, where it is easily stalked, and its bark will often lead its pursuer to his object. Oak forests, where the ground is on a gentle slope, and the trees not too crowded, are its favourite

haunts. In the snows of winter many are hunted down by the villagers, and after a severe fall, the inhabitants of a single village have been known to kill a dozen in a day; for the kakur sinking up to the body in the deep snow, flounders along, and is soon driven to where it gets completely fixed.

The next two days brought us to the valley of the Ganges, our route alternately ascending and descending through hills clothed with rhododendron, a few firs, oaks, and pomegranate trees; we caught occasional views of the Snowy range from the higher points of the road. At Dorassoo we breakfasted in a Dhurmsala, where the petty Rajah of the district holds his courts: open all round, and ornamented with a profusion of rude carvings of crocodiles, snakes, &c., it was picturesque, cool, and dirty. I shot a few black partridges, and two of our party, after a toilsome walk in search of deer, came in with a green pigeon—by the way, be it recorded, a very good bird on the table. The tent was pitched under a splendid

mango tree, surrounded by cactus and roses.

The road to Dhoonda lay through a narrow gorge, the bed of the Ganges, which for the last four miles opened out and disclosed a splendid view of the Snowy range.

Started away early the following day for Barrahaat, and made two-thirds of the march before breakfast, much to the dissatisfaction of the blanket-loving members of the party. Our way lay still along the Ganges. The scenery very beautiful, growing wilder as we advanced. Crossed the river by a julah, a mountain bridge somewhat trying to those who pass one for the first time. Imagine a few ropes hanging in mid-air, reaching from bank to bank, small sticks fastened across them for footing, with side ropes breast-high; the whole contrivance, when seen at a little distance, appearing like the commencement of a spider's web, and whilst crossing, swinging and vibrating at every step, with the impetuous torrent rushing along its rocky bed, a dizzy depth beneath the feet. The coolies

with their loads were obliged to be careful, and the dogs had to be carried over in men's arms. Killed nothing these last two days but black partridges.

On May-day, a short march of eight miles to Jamka, where we were joined by our expected guide, who deserves more than a passing notice, and must have a special introduction to the reader of these pages, to which he has so largely contributed.*

My successful sport in the Himalayas, I attribute mainly to my good fortune in having made acquaintance with my friend Mr. Wilson, who accompanied me in all my expeditions, and to whose knowledge of the country and the people, I was indebted for seeing much, which I should probably otherwise have left unseen. A Yorkshireman from Wakefield, fortune in his early life led

* During his long residence in the hills, Wilson has made a mass of notes regarding the birds and animals indigenous to the Himalayas; he has also contributed several most interesting papers to the "Calcutta Sporting Review." The whole of his notes and papers he kindly placed at my disposal, allowing me to select what passages I chose to enrich the pages of my journal.

him to India, his health sent him to Landour, from whence he took a journey in the hills. Returned to England, he was unable to forget the life he had led in the Himalayas, which had for him an irresistible charm.

Not overburdened with money, he worked his passage out to Calcutta, and walked straight up to Meerut, a distance of nearly 900 miles, in thirty days. From thence to the hills was an easy trip, where he has been a resident for the last seven years. A thorough sportsman, about the middle height, light, active, and hardy; never tired, never out of humour; a capital walker, and never to be deterred by difficulties from anything once undertaken. He was to me a most invaluable companion, and became a very dear friend. His thorough knowledge of the Puharrie * character, and intimate acquaintance with the men of the upper villages of Gangootrie and Jumnootrie, enabled us to

* The Puharries, or mountaineers, a name derived from "Puhar," a mountain, and generally used by Europeans, when speaking of the inhabitants of the Himalayas.

procure a better class of men to accompany us, than falls commonly to the lot of the hunters in these mountains.

The day was passed in examining Wilson's collections of birds, skins, &c., and preparing for the next morning, which was to take us to our shooting-ground at Benara. One of my dogs was so ill as to be carried the latter half of the march. Do all we could for him, he died in two days; his disorder had been brought on by the heat of the plains, which has a very decided effect upon all English dogs. Under Wilson's guidance, we were now to see some of the game peculiar to the hills; the ground around us being a favourite resort of the tahir, one of the species of wild goat of the Himalayas.* In the evening we went out and had our first view of tahir, but did not get a shot; the walking was very severe. Fine cool weather, our English appetites began, and we had a very jolly dinner party round a fire for the first

* The two others are the Ibex, and the Markhoor.

time. Two hard days' work followed, had several shots at musk-deer, but found no tahir: bad shooting and bad walking.

On the 7th I had a good day's work, and shot my first tahir. The walking is the hardest I ever experienced, and consequently makes the eye and hand unsteady. The general haunts of the tahir are the rocky faces and grassy slopes of hills which are almost free from forest, or with but occasional patches; though many inhabit the forest itself, where the ground is steep and rugged, interspersed with ledges of rock and abrupt projections.

Where the hills attain an elevation of more than 8000 feet, on the southern and eastern slopes, the forest consists principally of oak; the ground is dry and often rocky, the trees in many parts thinly scattered, and the under herbage is much of the same grassy character as the pasturage on the hills which are entirely free from forest. On the opposite slopes the forest is of a much denser description; towering above the oaks are immense

black pine-trees (morenda and rye) and large patches entirely of chesnut, with box, yew, and many other smaller trees intermingled; the ground is damp, and the under herbage long rank weeds, which grow higher than a man's body. It is only the former description of forest land that the tahir regularly inhabit; they are seldom seen in the latter. In the lower ranges, though the northern and western slopes are invariably the most thickly wooded, there is not such a decided difference in the character of the forest itself, which is on all sides much alike, and similar to that on the southern and eastern slopes further in the interior. But on the higher hills, or the spurs jutting from the Snowy range, the difference in the character of the forest is very striking, and shows itself on every slope. This should always be borne in mind by the Himalayan sportsman.

May 8th and 9th.—Moved camp a short distance both days. No great sport. Wilson brought in a musk-deer; I saw nothing the latter day, as two of the party took a fancy

to the hill I intended to beat. They got a capital shot, and killed a fine old tahir.

Seen from a distance, an old male tahir has more the appearance of a great wild hog, than that of an animal of the goat kind; but on a nearer view is perhaps one of the noblest looking beasts of the hills. When in condition, before the rutting season, he will weigh nearly 300 pounds. The fore-parts are of a light ash, deepening to a dark brown on the hind-quarters, legs, and belly. The head is dark ash, but at a distance appears nearly black. The hair on the neck and shoulders and fore-parts is long and shaggy, gradually growing shorter on the hind-quarters. The legs are rather short and very stout. The young male is more of a brownish colour throughout, and the hair not so long or shaggy. There is perhaps no animal whatever, of which the female is so inferior in size and appearance to the male, as the tahir. Individually, the female would be called a fine-looking animal, but she sinks into complete insignificance when compared with her

mate. They are of a uniform drab or reddish brown above, and dirty white below; some are of a much lighter colour than others; the weight of a female is rarely more than a third of that of a male when in good condition: The horns in both sexes are short, and curve slightly backwards. The flesh of the female is tolerable; that of the male is scarcely eatable at any time, though much esteemed by the hill-men, who ascribe to it many medicinal qualities. A male tahir killed in August or September, before joining the females, is considered by them as the finest game in the hills.

The following day we were not successful in our beat for tahir on the upper part of the hill. I came upon the track of a very large gerow, the king of the deer tribe in the hills. In vain I followed the track through a beautiful forest with a fine meadow in the bottom, but found nothing except a very large gerow's horn, which I picked up. Returned to camp in the rain.

A wild night, followed by a bad morning,

snow and rain falling heavily, determined us to quit Benara, and return to Wilson's location. Early in the morning we fell in with the track of a tiger, and each taking separate routes on our way down, Wilson sent me after him: highly complimentary! but I don't know how we might have settled matters, had we met. Heavy rain all day. Wet, weary, and hungry, the party re-assembled at dinner round a roaring fire; as usual, the hills and shooting were discussed, and the conversation turning upon my having followed the tiger, Wilson said, "Well, Colonel, had you met him, you would doubtless have given a good account of him, although it is sometimes ticklish work on foot, and single-handed. I had an adventure, a year and a half ago, with a tigress, which I shall never forget, and which it may interest you to hear.

"In the winter of 1845-46, on leaving the higher regions, where I had been during the autumnal months, hunting musk-deer, I came down as usual to the middle hills, and

took up my quarters on a little flat, near some bullock sheds, about a mile up a well-wooded hill-side, and the same distance from the nearest villages. It might be termed the foot of the Snowy range, for the hill runs without any interruption right up to the great range between Gangootrie and Kadernath; and the grassy regions above the forest are within a good day's walk. The place was central with regard to all the best shooting-grounds in the neighbourhood, and not wishing to move from place to place, I made it head-quarters for the winter. We built two or three little huts on the flat, for the men and myself, and were soon hard at work at the birds; sometimes shooting on the hill, and at others going out to some more distant spot for three or four days together.

"On the whole, I was very successful, and before winter was over, the hut set apart for the reception of the prepared skins was nearly full, and made a very fair show. Upwards of 500 birds, principally pheasants

and partridges, the others being eagles, falcons, owls, and the handsomest of the smaller tribes, were hanging in rows to the long sticks fixed for the purpose. At least twice as many more had been thrown aside, given to the villagers, or consigned to the kitchen in their feathers, as not fit for stuffing, or not required. Several large bears had yielded upwards of a hundred quart bottles of grease, and four leopards, with some scores of the deer tribe, had paid the forfeit of existence. Let it not be supposed, however, that I committed all this havoc myself. I may honestly confess to a great portion of it, but I had a shikarree shooting, and several men employed setting snares all the winter.

"Of the few adventures I met with during my sojourn in this quarter, the one I am about to relate is perhaps the most worthy of record. Early in March, when I began to arrange the sets of birds, and wrap them in paper, I found sufficient work to keep me at home for several days. About the same

time the bullocks were taken from the adjacent sheds to another part of the hill, all but one, an old, superannuated lame buffalo, which, being useless, was left by its owner to shift for itself. Having no one to tend it, and perhaps not liking solitude, it came to our huts, and soon became a perfect nuisance; in the day treading on skins laid out to dry, and at night pulling off the grass thatch from the huts.

"All attempts to drive it away were in vain, and I sent a message to its owner, saying, if he did not fetch it, I should be obliged to destroy it. He replied that it was useless to him, and being lame, could not walk to the other sheds, and that I might do as I pleased; but being a Brahmin, he would not tell me plainly to shoot it. I took however his implied consent, and in the evening, on its proceeding, as usual, to pull off the thatch, I drove it a little distance, and put a bullet through its brain. The Chumars stript off and took away the skin the next day, but I would not have

the carcase removed, fancying that amongst the vultures which would soon collect, a few eagles might also come, and possibly some new species, or one that I had not got. The former birds soon made their appearance, and one by one began to drop, as if from the clouds, and alight on the tops of the neighbouring trees; but scared by the vicinity of the huts, and the people moving about, the feast remained untouched.

"In the morning I went out to look for any eagles that might be about, and passing the carcase, was surprised to see that half of it had been eaten. I examined the ground carefully for the footprints of any large animal, but the dried leaves prevented me from making out anything satisfactory, and I concluded it must have been some of the village dogs.

"During the day the vultures, getting bolder, occasionally alighted on the carcase, and would have devoured it all, but a large Thibet dog kept sentry near, and not liking

the interlopers, drove them away. The next morning it was not only nearly eaten, but turned completely over, yet still there were no traces discernible. Certain, however, now, that it must be some wild animal, I made up my mind to watch at night for its coming, and set a man to prevent the dogs and vultures making an end of what remained.

The night came on rainy and dark, and I did not go out till the moon rose, about ten o'clock, and the clouds had cleared a little away. Slowly and carefully approaching the spot, what was my surprise to find the carcase removed altogether! The moon gave but a faint light through the heavy clouds, and here it was rendered still more indistinct by the large and densely foliaged oak trees around. Groping about I found the carcase some twenty yards away, but the animal was gone. Thinking it would soon return, I posted myself behind the trunk of one of the large trees, and watched patiently an hour or two in vain, when, concluding that whatever it was it had eaten sufficient for

that night, and would not again return, I went home to bed.

"At daylight on going to see if this surmise had been correct, I was mortified enough to find that the carcase had been again removed, and nearly all eaten, scarcely anything left but the bones. There was a chance, however, of the animal's again coming the next night for what little was left, and determined to get a shot at it if possible, I made preparations accordingly.

"About ten yards from the spot where the carcase was now left grew a little wild pear bush, which branched into three forks, a few feet from the ground; with a few twigs and small branches, I made a nest in this fork, placing them on the side facing the carcase, so thickly, as almost to conceal a person crouching behind. It never entered my imagination to conceive that this nightly visiter might be a tiger, and that it would perhaps be advisable to have my seat a little further from the ground. No tiger had been seen in the vicinity during the winter, and

I had almost forgotten that there was such an animal in existence. I made certain of its being either a leopard or a bear, and dreamt not of danger. The only gun I happened to have at home, was an old double one, the right barrel of which had burst and was totally useless. This, however, on a dark night, when no aim could be taken, was just as good as a rifle; to make more certain, I put two bullets in the serviceable barrel, and just before dusk, with a young lad I was teaching to stuff birds, crept into the nest.

"It soon began to grow dark, and being again cloudy, it became so pitch dark, when night fairly set in, that I could neither see the skeleton of the old buffalo, nor even the trunk of the nearest tree. This was a dilemma, but fancying that when the animal came, being so near, I might be guided by the glare of its eyes, or perceive it by its moving sufficiently, to chance a shot, I determined to wait. For nearly an hour I waited patiently, but no sound announced

the advent of the expected visitor, and getting tired of my cramped position, whilst the night grew still darker, and a few drops of rain portended a shower, I was thinking of going home, when, without the least sound of a footstep, crash went the bones. You may guess with what anxiety I tried to gaze through the impenetrable blackness, but nothing could be seen; whilst for a full quarter of an hour we could hear plainly enough the cracking and munching of the bones. What would I not have given for a moment's moonlight? Once or twice I fancied I could distinguish some object, and was half inclined to risk a random shot; but then there was a probability of its remaining until the moon rose, when I should be able to see clearly.

"This state of annoying suspense was at length broken by the carcase being lifted up and carried bodily away. It was however, dropped a little way off, and the cracking and munching of the bones again resumed. This continued for some time, when all

became again still. Listening attentively, nothing could now be heard, and after a little while, concluding the animal had gone away altogether, I began speaking to my companion, regretting our bad fortune. I now felt much annoyed with myself for not having fired a random shot before the carcase was carried away, right at the place where I could judge it was laid; for fancy whispered that it might have been a lucky one and hit the animal. All hope now seemed to be over, and we were discussing the advisability of going home, although still reluctant to leave, when I was startled by the deep-drawn breath of some animal snuffing within a few feet of my face. So strong and powerful, and so different from anything I had ever heard, that it struck me at once what it was; and so sudden and unexpected was it, that it sent a cold shiver through my body, and I thought I felt my heart jump almost into my mouth. I cannot describe the sensation. It was not exactly fear, but a painfully intense feeling of

breathless anxiety. The gun had been mechanically cocked and half raised to the shoulder, but we were enveloped in such pitchy darkness from the overhanging branches, that I could see nothing. I verily believe that neither I nor my companion drew one single breath for the few moments that, with finger on the trigger, I strained my eyeballs almost to bursting in endeavouring to pierce the fearful blackness. There was another deep snuff, which seemed to draw the very air from around my face, and at that moment I thought I could see something paler than the black space which an instant before was there. There was no time for hesitation, and closing the stock to my shoulder, I fired. A stifled moan, and the dropping of some heavy body, told that the shot had taken effect, but that it was not fatal we were soon made aware by the heavy breathing which followed. Fearful of attracting the attention of the animal, I remained motionless in the same position as when I had fired, without attempting to

reload the gun, which I dropped silently upon my knee. In all probability this saved us, for the tigress, as it turned out, was only shot through the hind quarters, and lay within a few feet; for not being much higher from the ground than herself, she might, if so inclined, have pulled us out of the bush, without any difficulty. The breathing and a few moans, which led me to hope the animal was dying, continued for some time, but although so near, nothing was to be seen, and I was not at all sorry when I heard her crawling slowly away, and all became again quiet.

"I now breathed freely, reloaded the gun, and listened attentively for some time; hearing nothing, I concluded she was either dead, or had crawled away mortally wounded, to die at some distance from the spot, as most animals will do. We kept still, however, till the moon had risen on the opposite hill-side, and sufficient light was shed to enable us to distinguish objects near, but nothing was to be seen. After looking

carefully around as well as the indistinct light would permit, we prepared to get out of the bush and go home; but before doing so, it struck me to give a shout, which was answered by a loud angry growl, apparently from within twenty or thirty yards. On this intimation that the animal was still alive, and close at hand, we deemed it prudent to remain, as the noise we should unavoidably make, might draw its attention towards us. The night was still cloudy, but when the moon had fairly risen over the spot, we could see pretty clearly some distance around. I gave another shout; this time all remained quiet, and getting out of the bush as noiselessly as possible, went home to the huts, congratulating ourselves upon having got so well out of our rather unpleasant position.

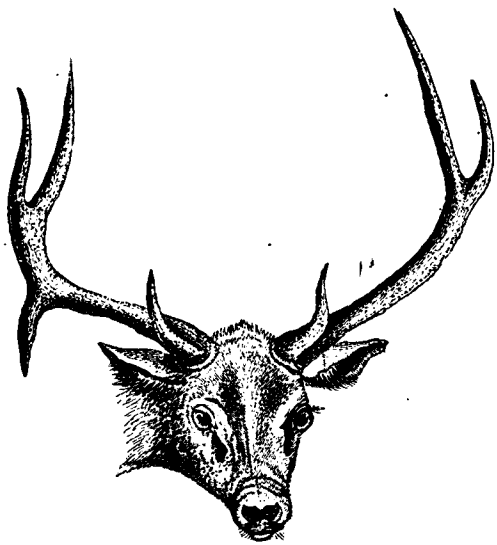
"Early in the morning, accompanied by another of my men and the large Thibet dog, we went eagerly enough to the scene of our night's adventure, fully expecting to find the animal dead. There was a large pool of blood close to the bush where it had first dropped,

and another a little distance off, where it had lain down the second time. The dog took up the scent immediately, and followed it about eighty yards to some large masses of broken rock. Rounding one of these he gave a sudden bark, and bounded back, followed by a large tigress. I had a fair shot within a few yards, and she dropped to it; but not having brought another charge of powder and ball, I did not wait to see whether she would get up again or not, but gave the word to run, and in a few seconds we were back again at the huts.

"Whilst reloading, two villagers happened to pass by, and thus reinforced we again sallied forth. We soon found our friend lying behind one of the rocks, and as she rose slowly up, one of the villagers made her a salaam, *'gedee, sing rajah!'* and I sent a bullet through her head, which finished her career. On examination I found the two balls I had fired in the night had struck her in the fore-part of the hind leg, breaking the bone, and the flash had singed the fur

all down her side from the shoulder. The one I had fired when she followed the dog, had hit her near the spine, and would, no doubt, have proved fatal in a short time.

"She was full grown, and from the light colour of the fur and scanty stripes, I think aged, measuring nine feet eight inches in length. On opening her we found three young ones, not much bigger than mice, but with claws completely developed, and hard and sharp."



GEROW.

CHAPTER III.

Move higher up the Valley.—The Kilta.—Hilgah.—Gooral, the Himalayan chamois.—Its haunts and habits.—Bengallee.—Beautiful forest.—A lazy set.—Tahir shooting.—A fruitless stalk.—An interloping leopard.—Goorkha sepoys.—The hill road to Jalah.—Encamp on the snow.—Burrell.—Change of plans.—Noble cedars.—A mountain bridge.—Pilgrims.—Gangoutrie.—Priests.—Difficult route to the source of the Ganges.—Bridge building.—Excessive cold.—Dangerous walking.—The great glacier of the Ganges.—The "Cow's Mouth."—The Burrell, or wild sheep of the Himalayas.—Where found.—Their habits.—An inexperienced hunter often deceived.—Timidity.—Agility.—The necessary requisites for a successful burrell-shooter.—Pleasures of the sport.

TENTS, provisions, and baggage having to be carried by coolies, and supplies for them being procured with difficulty higher up the river, part of the morning was spent in re-apportioning and putting the loads to-rights.

The kilta is the universal means throughout the hills of carrying provisions and all kinds of packages of a basketable size. I cannot better describe it, than as a huge

strawberry pottle, flattened on one side, so as to fit the back, and carried somewhat like a knapsack. A staff used *"en route"* as a walking-stick, forms a prop to support the kilta, when the coolie rests by the wayside. In our ignorance we had brought up with us our usual servants from the plains; a great mistake which I never repeated, for in the hills they are generally as useless, as they are troublesome.

Our route lay for ten miles up the right bank of the Ganges, the scenery very beautiful and increasing in wildness. Rain fell all night, and a heavy thunder-storm next morning prevented the coolies from making more than four miles on a bad mountain-track to Hilgah, where we were forced to halt. In the evening it cleared up, and we all went out to look for gooral, the chamois of the Himalayas; some were seen, but none shot.

Started in good time for Bengallee, a village at the foot of the mountains that are known by that name. Arriving before

mid-day, we pitched camp in a charming grove of apricot trees. During the afternoon Robyn shot a few pheasants, and another of the party saw a bear, but could not get near him. I had a stiff walk in company with Wilson after gooral, and had a good shot. Common in the lower and middle hills, the gooral where numerous affords very fair sport; but it requires a good cragsman to follow them in all places. Rather larger than a barking deer, and more stoutly made, the gooral has a rough coat of a darkish brown colour, with a spot of white under the throat, extending half way down the neck. The male and female are alike, and both have short black horns, round and tapering to a point, ringed a few inches from the base, and curving backwards; the largest Wilson had seen were eight and a half inches long, and three and a half inches in circumference at the base. The female has young, generally but one, in May or June. The flesh is well tasted, but always very tough.

Its favourite haunts are the rocky faces of steep rugged hills, bare craggy spots and ledges of rock on hills covered with pine trees and long rank grass; and in forests where the ground is dry, the trees not greatly crowded, and the underwood not very thick. When the weather is cloudy it may be seen out at all hours; but when fine only morning and evening, concealing itself during the day in nooks and corners when located in bare rocky spots; and under shelter of trees and bushes when in districts partially wooded. It is gregarious, although often found singly, and appearing quite unconcerned at being separated from its fellows; but wherever one is seen there is a certainty of others being in the neighbourhood. As many inhabit the same hill side they are oftener found in company than alone,—two, three, four, and at times eight or ten being met together; not in a compact flock, but scattered widely about, and their respective movements are much more independent than the generality of gregarious

animals. Constant to their district, they roam to different quarters within its limited boundaries, but never forsake it however much or frequently disturbed. The extent of their travels depends entirely upon the character of the hill; in some places it will give them a comparatively wide range, and in others confine them within very narrow limits.

When alarmed, the gooral gives a sharp, hissing snort, which is often continued for some time; and, when uttered by one, all within hearing generally answer by similar hisses. They often announce their discovery of a lurking leopard in this manner. Being rather shy, but abiding at no great distance from the habitations of man, they do not take alarm at seeing people at a distance. The proper time to go after them is early and late when out feeding. If the ground is open it requires a little care to get within shot; but they are generally found in broken ground and small ravines, favourable to stalking. Arriving at a likely place where gooral might be, if unable to see into

every nook and crevice, give a few loud hisses; should one be near, it will answer, and generally move, and expose itself for a fair shot, instead of bounding off at full speed as it would do upon stones being rolled down, or a man being sent to beat the place.

May 15th.—Ascended Bengallee hill, traversing a very beautiful forest of chesnut, walnut, and filbert trees; on all sides traces of bears were visible, but Bruin himself was not to be seen. Encamped a couple of miles above the forest, and went out in search of tahir. Robyn was the only fortunate individual of the party, for my companion and I saw none, and our other sportsman, unable to stand the very hard work, staid at home. Next day Wilson and I started early for the top of the hill. We found many tahir, and had some good chances, but owing to a chapter of those trifling accidents which will occasionally occur, we returned at night empty-handed to the camp, and passed the evening as usual, eating a good deal, drinking

a little, smoking considerably, and talking incessantly.

We were all to start in the morning over the hill to Jalah; so up early and called on my sleeping companions to arise. But I called in vain: tired of the hill, they had changed their minds, and Wilson and I had to start alone; leaving them to return by a short cut to the Ganges and follow the regular road to Jalah. Wilson sent his small tent over the hill for our use, and we began our day high in hope and spirits. Tahir were numerous on the hill, but in spite of all our toil, yesterday's ill-fortune still followed us. Towards the end of the day, we found two fine flocks feeding below us, and from the lay of the ground had every chance of getting within sixty yards of them; anxiously and carefully we approached them, and were finishing our stalk with every probability of success, when in an instant we saw the whole of them going off Derby pace. On reaching the spot where they had been feeding, their unexpected panic and sudden rush were accounted

for: a leopard had sprung amongst them. He had missed his victim, but the scattered hair fresh torn from one of the flock, and the prints of the leopard's fore-feet, were plain proofs of his having shared and spoilt our stalk.

Sadly disappointed, nothing was to be done but to follow as fast as we could, we came up with them again as they were ascending some rocks. Separating from each other, Wilson took one part of the hill, I keeping away to his right. He got a capital shot, and I had a long one. The tahir I hit was unluckily on the verge of a tremendous precipice, and falling over the rocky ledge we never found him. Wilson wounded a fine old male, and I watched him with the glass till he lay down. It was too late to try for him that night, so we pointed him out to my little Goorkha sepoy, and made the best of our way home to the tent, for the sun was nearly set, and the mountain bad enough to climb, was worse to get down. We arrived just at dark.

May 18th.—Moved towards Jalah, and sent the little Goorkha with my double gun and two men to bring in the tahir shot yesterday. The Goorkha sepoys are capital followers in the hills; bred in the mountains, and fond of sport from childhood, they become much attached to Europeans, and being pluck to the backbone are equally good soldiers as sportsmen. In one of the actions on the Sutlej, the commandant of a Goorkha corps was killed, the men became frantic at the loss of an officer they loved, smeared themselves with blood, and rushing upon the Sikhs with the heavy curved knife every Goorkha carries, they avenged his death by a fearful slaughter. No sport to-day; had a good snap shot at two tahir, but missed. Breakfasted in the snow (the hill being one of the Snowy range) and descended over five miles of snow through thick brushwood of rhododendron partly in blossom. On our way we found a musk-deer in a trap, and being a female we let her go, but she was so cramped

and hurt we were obliged to cut her throat.

We were now too high for tahir, and next morning we set forth in pursuit of musk-deer and burrell, the famous wild sheep of the Himalayas. Slaving along all the morning, we saw tracks of bear, and tried for a musk-deer, but failed. Pulled up under a large rock for breakfast, and cooled our tea with snow. We then worked our way to the hill-top, and not falling in with burrell, were just going down, when four went away about 300 yards from us. We gave it up, and had not descended half-a-mile before we saw a fine flock on the rocks over our heads. We fired at them, but without effect. I am almost tired of recounting my misses, but the truth must be told. Down again, through the rhododendrons, till we came to the fields above Sookee and followed the path to Jalah, where we found the rest of the party comfortably encamped.

May 20th.—Started early, and two miles from Jalah, turned to our right up a smaller

stream; the scenery magnificent, the mountains being covered with pine and cedar-trees. Some splendid birches gave us shelter at breakfast hour, and two miles more, over a very bad and rugged path, brought us to our encamping ground, on the Snowy range, 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, with the mountains around us covered with eternal snow. In the afternoon Robyn and I went out, up the snow; the walking was very severe, and we missed two good shots at burrell. Three large snow-bears showed themselves to us during the day, but on the other side of the stream; the remainder of the party staid within a mile of the tent, and got a better shot than any of us.

The following day I went out with my little sepoy, and one of Wilson's men; had a beautiful shot after a very hard walk, and either missed or only wounded the burrell, for it got off. Wilson's companion was more fortunate, for he killed and brought in a burrell. My companions this evening

struck work, voted the labour much too severe, and declared for the source of the Ganges. I, loth to quit so good a spot, determined to remain behind. However, in the morning I agreed to go all together, and returning to the Ganges, reached Derallee, where we found a party of the 21st Fusileers, and smoked the pipe of peace with them that evening. They had little to eat or drink, and had left their guns behind them. Our walk this day was very beautiful, the last six miles were through a magnificent forest of cedars.

We were now within a march of Gangoutrie, and leaving one of the party behind, who was unable to stand the hard work, started for the Hindoo Holy of Holies. The road lay through a forest of gigantic cedars, the largest I ever beheld, and the scenery was grandeur itself. The Ganges was crossed by a giddy-looking bridge, thrown over the river at a place about forty feet wide from rock to rock, and about 200 feet high. It is carried away every year by

an avalanche of snow in the spring, and the Rajah of Teree allows fourteen rupees a year to replace it.

The name of this bridge is Biram-ghattee, and here a large stream joins the Ganges, which many people declare to be the main river, and not a tributary. But I think it has no claim to so distinguished an honour. It derives its source from three small rivulets, which rise in Thibet, above and not far from Neilang, the frontier village of Thibet. I have been at the sources of these three streams, and I am sure that nobody who had seen the waters rushing from the snow at the Cow's Mouth, would wish to transfer the source of such a splendid river to so insignificant a commencement as the one in Tibet.

The Neilang Tartars allow Wilson, and anybody accompanying *him*, to pass into their country, and it is the only place where he can get in. The reason is that they are obliged to move into the Valley of the Ganges during the winter, their own country

being so excessively cold as to be quite uninhabitable. He has entered by that route two or three times, but has been always obliged to return after a very short stay, in consequence of his men getting ill from the extreme cold, and inferior food.

The men I have had with me were very subject to spasms in the stomach, brought on by eating either bad or ill-baked flour. I suffered from them once myself, and hope never to do so again. I used, before I felt what the pain was, to fancy that the poor fellows made more fuss than necessary; but I changed my opinion after a trial. We always carried plenty of laudanum in consequence, it being a certain cure; thirty drops for a dose, with warmth and quiet, and in most cases the sufferers were well and ready to go on the next morning.

We met several of the pilgrims, some in a state of starvation, and many die on the road annually from want and disease. They do not mind dying here on holy

ground, and seem to consider it quite a matter of course. Gangoutrie was not reached until late, and we soon received a visit from the priests, who make their livelihood by the offerings of the pilgrims. They did not get much out of us, but I think our domestics made up for our neglect.

Leaving our tent and servants here, and taking with us Wilson's men and the coolies, we started at five A.M. for the source of the Ganges, eighteen miles distant. There is no road, and Wilson is, I believe, one of the few Europeans who had at that time ever been there. The Brahmin priests tried to dissuade our men from going up. The difficulties of the route were many and great, the walking far the worst we have had. After a few miles we came to a spot where it was necessary to cross the Ganges, and to do this, a bridge must be built. Our men worked badly at the first place we tried, and after three or four hours' hard work, we were obliged to give it up. Wilson

and myself going lower down the river, found a better spot, and by evening had a good bridge built, and ready for the morning. The day was too far gone to continue our march, so building a shanty, we supped and slept there.

All crossed our bridge next morning in safety, except our Thibet dog who tumbled in, and was very nearly drowned. Our direction was up stream, along the precipitous banks, where the river with difficulty forced its way between mountains covered with snow, magnificently wild; trees began to be scarce, no more cedars, nought but a few firs and white birch, with the never-failing rhododendron. Halting when we had gone as far as possible without losing the wood, another shanty was built, and thatched with boughs and birch bark. Wilson went out to look about him, and wounded a very fine male burrell severely, which however managed to get off, nor could the men sent in search of it next day, find him. It was very cold here at night, and my clothes,

which had been washed, and which my coolie had taken into his head to stow away in my bag, were hard frozen.

May 26th.—A fine cold morning, and we started early to accomplish the five miles to the source of the mighty river. The opposite bank being the best for burrell, we were in great hopes that we might find sufficient snow left to enable us to cross the river; but the snow that at times bridges over the stream was gone. The walking was bad, for in all the small tributary streams were stones and rocks incrusted with ice, which made them very difficult to cross. On the opposite side we saw immense flocks of burrell, but there was no getting at them.

At last the great glacier of the Ganges was reached, and never can I forget my first impressions when I beheld it before me in all its savage grandeur. The glacier, thickly studded with enormous loose rocks and earth, is about a mile in width, and extends upwards many miles, towards an immense mountain, covered with perpetual

snow down to its base, and its glittering summit piercing the very skies, rising 21,000 feet above the level of the sea. The chasm in the glacier, through which the sacred stream rushes forth into the light of day, is named the Cow's Mouth, and is held in the deepest reverence by all Hindoos; and the regions of eternal frost in its vicinity are the scenes of many of their most sacred mysteries. The Ganges enters the world no puny stream, but bursts forth from its icy womb, a river thirty or forty yards in breadth, of great depth, and very rapid. A burrell was killed by a lucky shot across the river just at the mouth; it fell backwards into the torrent, and was no more seen. Extensive as my travels since this day have been through these beautiful mountains, and amidst all the splendid scenery I have looked on, I can recall none so strikingly magnificent as the glacier of the Ganges.

Having breakfasted near the Cow's Mouth, and made the sacred stream yield its tribute to our teapot, Wilson and I went on the

glacier to look for burrell. I killed a very fine male, whose spoils now adorn my brother's hall in Westmoreland, in company with scores of other Himalayan trophies. Leaving the glacier, we penetrated two or three miles up the valley: trees were wanting, and the vegetation scanty, stunted juniper bushes were all that could be found for firewood. Anxious as we were to go on, and much as we should have liked to have done so, time would not allow us, and retracing our footsteps, we reached our shanty before dusk. A roaring fire, which blazed and crackled merrily in the clear frosty air, set the cold during dinner at defiance, and a good blanket-coat—a relic of Canada—with a blanket over all, kept me comfortably warm during the night; but my companions complained much of the excessive cold.

Considering the short time we had spent in their haunts, we had been tolerably successful for a first essay in burrell-shooting. The only variety of wild sheep found on this

side of the snow, the burrell, of all animals of the ruminating class, is the most worthy of notice; by no means rare, but from the toil and fatigue attendant upon its pursuit, it is generally considered as the first of Himalayan game animals, and the killing it the "ne plus ultra" of Himalayan shooting.

The full-grown male is nearly twice the size of a common English ram, and generally weighs upwards of 200 lbs.;* the females are about one half the size of the males. The coat is very thickly set, the individual hairs thick, and of a very fragile texture. The general colour of the upper parts is a light ash, and the under parts white. The breast in old males is black, as well as a narrow stripe along each side, separating the ash of the upper parts from the white of the belly. Another narrow stripe runs down each leg. In young animals the breast is only partially black. These black marks are

* I once weighed two after they were cleaned; one weighed 180 lbs, the other 200 lbs.

most observable immediately after the animal changes its coat, which happens in July; they gradually get mixed with the lighter colours as the time for changing again draws on. The female has none of these black marks. The males appear to be several years before they attain their full size,—longer than the generality of wild animals of the same kind. The largest horns Wilson ever saw were thirteen inches in circumference at the base, but eleven is the average size of those of a full-grown animal; they grow with one curve, more like a ram's in shape than any other animal, but the curve is the reverse way: some are more curved than others. For several years the horns are smooth and angular, but when the animal gets old they become rough, cracked, and nearly round.

The burrell is exclusively confined to the snowy ranges, or the large spurs jutting from them, its favourite resorts being between the verge of forests and the extreme limits of vegetation. Straggling parties are,

however, often met with in the scattered forests which clothe some of the hills they inhabit, a little distance upwards from their base, where of an open character, or with open spots or rocks intermingled. During the summer months they keep near the tops of the hills, or in the ravines near the sources of large streams which rise from the snow; only occasionally descending in any numbers to the lower parts, and frequently climbing amongst the glaciers and barren rocks, far above the limits of any vegetation. In autumn, as the scanty herbage in those elevated regions is dried up, they gradually descend, and keep more to the middle and lower parts of the hill; and as winter comes on, many even approach some of the loftier situated villages and the rocky hill-sides near them, but the great body still remain throughout the severest winters on the hills above the limits of forest, browsing on the exposed ridges, where the wind soon drifts away the snow sufficiently to allow them to graze.

In general the burrell is considered a shy and wary animal, difficult in the extreme to approach, and taking alarm at the least appearance of man, even when at an immense distance. Where frequently hunted, or on hills near the villages, it certainly deserves this character; but in retired and solitary spots where the appearance of a human form is of rare occurrence, and the report of a gun still more rare—and there are many such spots in the immense chain of snowy mountains—it is not nearly so wild or timid, indeed almost altogether the reverse, and often seems to look upon the intruder as an object more to be wondered at, than avoided, until a few successive returns of such an unusual visitant, render it as timid and wary as its brethren on the more frequented hills.

They keep together in compact flocks of from four or five, to forty or fifty, and sometimes upwards of a hundred. Occasionally a solitary individual is met with, but they seem to have great aversion to being left

alone, for, if one is separated from its fellows, it wanders about till it meets others which it joins. When any number are together, either feeding or at rest, some are sure to be on the look out, and on the approach of any cause of disturbance, utter a sharp shrill whistle which at once alarms the rest, and they instantly move off to some other part of the hill. This is not however the case in remote corners of the Snowy range, where, in places left wholly undisturbed, large flocks may be seen quietly lying down like sheep without the least sign of watchfulness. If the cause of alarm be seen at a distance, they stand for some time before they move off, as if to satisfy themselves of its nature, and then walk slowly away, often turning and standing for several minutes as if undecided whether to go on or not; this will often tempt an inexperienced hunter to follow them in hopes of getting near, but it is seldom he will succeed, for when once disturbed they generally go to a great distance before they stop for good, and if they take up hill, which

they usually do, slow as their pace may appear to be, it is quicker than a person can follow. Besides, the moment a ridge or swell of the ground intervenes between themselves and their pursuer, so as to prevent their seeing him, they, instead of slackening their pace, as might naturally be expected, oftener increase it to a quick run until he is again in sight. When come upon suddenly or fired at, they make a rush at first often in different directions, but soon join and settle down into their usual walk. Unlike most other wary animals, they seem to be no more alarmed when a person comes close upon them, than when they see him a mile distant, in both instances often going away at the same slow pace.

This is a peculiar characteristic, and from it, sportsmen on their first meeting with burrell, and being so fortunate as to come upon them without much trouble in stalking, often declare them to be stupid animals; a few days' experience, however, soon causes them to change their opinion. At times, if

they have only gained a momentary glimpse of the object that has disturbed them, they, after the first plunge, stand as if uncertain whether there is any real cause of alarm, or merely their own fearful apprehension, uttering at intervals their shrill whistle. The whole flock is often led away by some timid individual, for as soon as one is alarmed and moves off, they all follow (although they may not have seen anything), it may be a half-grown lamb, or more frequently an old female, as with red-deer, which will continue to lead them for miles, though the greater part of the flock feel quite inclined to halt, which indeed, after a time, many of them do; and thus when hunted after, the large flocks are broken up into smaller parties. The old males are not so timid as the others, and the flocks are generally led by a female or young animal.

Noise does not disturb them much, being so accustomed to the falling avalanches, the rolling stones, and the loud reports and rumbling sounds which are of hourly

occurrence amongst the glaciers and regions of snow, whither they are so often led by their wandering and unsettled habits. Therefore, the report of a gun is almost unheeded, unless close to them, if the person firing be not seen.

The males and females associate all the year round, but large flocks of both sexes are often met with separately, more particularly in summer. They bring forth their young in June, but some are as late as August. Wilson caught many of their lambs, but did not succeed in rearing any of them. One of my men, upon an occasion when we were travelling, and not looking for game, shot a female, and my boy, Oudea, catching the kid, we put it to one of the goats; the kid agreed perfectly with its foster-dam, and when we left the flock of sheep and goats behind, we turned them on to the hills near Cheitool, in the Buspa Valley, which are much frequented by burrell. The man we left with them took every pains to rear it, but it was in vain; it

only lived six or seven days. Having thus failed, with so many circumstances in my favour, I never tried again. With the young of the musk-deer and the gooral, we met with no better success. But the tahir are not so difficult to rear, and will live in the lower hills. They have, I believe, been brought to England.

Being an animal of a restless wandering disposition, the burrell seldom confines itself for any length of time to one particular spot, frequently wandering over a great extent of country. When seen on rocky and precipitous ground, there are few animals which appear to move with more ease and facility. The ibex, and perhaps the musk-deer, are its superiors in this respect, but no others. On the faces of perpendicular cliffs of the wildest character, it leaps from rock to rock with scarcely an apparent effort, and though occasionally one may miss its footing, and be precipitated down the rocks, such instances are of rare occurrence. It oftener meets with accidents from the

fall of avalanches, detached masses of ice or large stones, and it is common enough to find them with broken legs and horns. The males sometimes fight with each other, and the weaker is pushed over the precipice, but when quarrelsome, they generally prefer some level spot, or a gentle slope, for their encounter.

Under ordinary circumstances, whoever intends to go out burrel-shooting, determined to follow it up to a successful result, must expect to toil in no trifling degree, and summon a good stock of patience to his aid. He must also be a good walker, and above all, if not a first-rate, yet a tolerable rifle shot, as even at the most favourable times, many shots cannot be had in one day's hunting, and mortifying it must be in the extreme, and tend to disgust any person with burrell-shooting, if, after having fagged up a steep hill for miles, in order to get the chance of a shot, he miss after all, knowing that there is perhaps but little probability of having another chance that day. An

indifferent shot will soon tire of burrell-shooting; a person who from physical inability cannot undergo the necessary amount of fatigue without greatly over-tasking his powers of endurance, will be content with killing one or two; but to a determined sportsman, who is both a good shot and a good walker, there is no sport in these hills that can be compared with it.

Seen generally from a great distance upon open hills, where it requires no mean degree of sportsmanship to approach them, even the stalking is attended with much more excitement than with most animals, and after a successful day, there is a feeling of having really accomplished something of a feat in shooting. True, it is the most difficult, and attended with more fatigue than any other kind of shooting, but independently of the gratification of killing a shy and wary animal like the burrell, to the lover of nature—and what real sportsman is not?—there is a charm in the very

hunting amidst scenery of such grandeur and magnificence as is found in the wild regions it inhabits, which far more than compensates for all the toil and fatigue attendant on it.



BURRELL.

CHAPTER IV.

Leave the Glacier.—Return to Gangoutrie—Derallee.—Afraid of the rains.—Lose Wilson, who sets off for Thibet.—A party of Tartars.—Barrahaat.—Break up of our party.—Start for Simla.—Valley of the Jumna.—Otters.—Rameserai Valley.—Tea gardens.—Tonse river.—Long march.—Infant under a spout.—Simla.—Soon tired, and set forth to return to the Valley of the Ganges.—Form a new party.—Wet weather.—Discomfort.—Wilson joins me again.—Glorious sport, burrell-shooting.—Snow Pheasants.—Incessant rain.—Teal-shooting.—Beat by the mist.—The Musk-deer.—But little known.—Its size.—Appearance.—Colour.—The Musk-pod.—Localities where met with.—Its habits.—Puharrie belief respecting them.—Its sure-footedness and wonderful agility.—Food.—Its young.—Looked upon as Royal property.—Methods of hunting it.—Snaring.—Preparation of the pods.—Often greatly adulterated.—Tricks upon travellers.—Substances used for adulteration.—Leave the hills.—Return to Meerut.

SET forth in good time on our return to Gangoutrie. Going on a-head with Wilson's man, Ossaroo, I walked through the forest in search of bears or musk-deer, and only fell in with one of the latter; we came down the mountain as the rest of the party arrived at the bridge. After breakfast we rather selfishly destroyed this specimen of our

architectural skill, as it would never do to open up these naturally preserved shooting-grounds to the Himalayan public, who however, if they should wish to cross, have every facility for bridge-building that we had. Wilson and I went out together for the evening shooting, but having miscalculated the time did not do much.

Returning to Gangoutrie we found all our servants delighted to see us safe back again from all the dangers with which, aided by the priests, they had invested the awful birth-place of Gunga-jee.

Next day to Derallee, where we found one of our party, who had remained there, equally tired of waiting for us, and of his own company. A fresh stock of provisions had arrived for us from Mussooree during our absence, which was very acceptable, as we were beginning to run short. On the 29th, to Jalah, where we laid our plans to cross the hills to Simla. Had I known what the rains really were, I would not have left the valley of the Ganges so soon, as I

lost at least a fortnight of good shooting weather. Here also we parted with Wilson, who was going off upon a sporting-excursion to Thibet. Very sorry to lose him, for a more agreeable companion could not be; full of anecdote and information; and of that happy equable temper, that no vexations or disappointments can put out of humour, a quality valuable indeed to any one, but to a sportsman a very treasure.

May 30th.—An eighteen mile march, I and my little Goorkha, went out to look for gooral, but were driven home by a thunder-storm, and when I came in I found the occupants of the tent looking so unhappy at the idea of the beautiful trip across the hills to the Jumna which we had laid out, that we gave up the plan and agreed to follow the usual route, returning to Barrahaat by the opposite bank of the Ganges to that by which we had ascended. On the road thither we fell in with a numerous party of flat-faced Tartars, who cross the mountains with flocks of sheep and donkeys

laden with salt; returning principally with corn. They were not much dirtier than our Puharrie coolies, and appeared frank and open in manner. At Barrahaat the shooting party broke up. One of its members returned to Mussooree with the big tent: my little Goorkha was sent home, and many of the coolies dismissed, retaining only a sufficient number to carry the two small tents, &c. to Simla.

Two days' march brought us to the Jumna, having traversed, before reaching it, a splendid forest, in which were several rhododendron trees, that measured eight feet round the trunk. The valley of the Jumna at this point is a beautiful spot, wanting the grandeur, but tamer and prettier than the valley of the Ganges. It somewhat reminded me of the river Eamont, in Cumberland. Otters were numerous, and one killed by Robyn produced a handsome, although small skin. We were now amongst the lower hills, and crossing the Jumna by a good bridge, followed the course of the river for two miles, and

turned to our right up a well-cultivated valley, encamping near a small village, producing plenty of apricots not quite ripe, and rather choleratic, but excellent when stewed. The rains were now about to commence, and twelve hours hardly passed without a thunder-storm or heavy shower.

On the 4th of June we had a seven mile pull up hill, but were rewarded by a beautiful view of the Rameserai Valley, one of the tracts fixed upon for the trial of the tea cultivation. The gardens are thriving admirably.

The two following days we managed to get, on the first three plump chickens, and on the second a couple of fine fish out of the Tonse, near which we encamped: both were a change and a luxury. Leaving the Tonse, a considerable stream, which joins the Jumna whilst yet a prisoner in the hills, we had to push on to Tickrey without our usual halt, as no food was procurable for the coolies; but we made them amends by giving them a couple of goats in the evening.

At Chopal there is a good travellers' bungalow, in which we defied the rain, and from whence three days' walk, still through magnificent scenery, brought us by way of Fhago to Simla, where we so timed our arrival as to find our friends at breakfast on the morning of the 11th of June. As all letters from the Simla hills contain, as a matter of course, an account of how they hush babies to sleep, and harden their constitutions, by placing them for hours under a gentle run of water: it must, I suppose, be mentioned, that near Fhago we inspected a baby under a spout.

The coolies were paid off, and I remained at Simla until the end of August, passing my time pleasantly enough, but the life was much too idle to suit me; nothing to do but eat, drink, and sleep, day after day. Determined to have a few more days' shooting near the source of the Ganges, I left Simla on the 29th of August, accompanied by two gallant captains of her Majesty's service, one belonging to my own regiment, the other

on the staff of the Governor-General, both capital walkers, and excellent companions. Their object was to visit the glacier of the Ganges.

Retracing the route by which I had reached Simla in June, we encamped, without having met with any adventures, on the ninth day of our journey, on the old ground at Barrahaat. The valleys bore a gayer appearance than before, for the crops of batu, now approaching perfection, clothed the cultivated spots with waving plumes of yellow and vivid crimson. The batu, a large species of what is commonly called "The Prince's Feather," is extensively grown throughout the hills as a staple grain, and the bread made from its seeds is the common food of the people.

At Barrahaat, we found by appointment our men, coolies, and supplies, awaiting our arrival. I had suffered from a sharp attack of illness on the road, but a few hours' perfect rest put me to rights again, although I felt very weak for some time. Four

successive wet days made our march up the valley of the Ganges a comfortless one, and on September 12th we arrived at the halting-ground in the midst of such a storm of rain, that it was with the greatest difficulty a tent could be pitched, or a fire lighted; both were at last happily accomplished; a couple of tins of soup were put on, the kettle boiled, and then we did well. Next day, Wilson sent word that he had returned from his expedition to Thibet, his men being all ill; and towards evening he came in himself, just as dinner was on the floor; we gave him a welcome with a solitary bottle of champagne we had carried with us from Simla.

Moved off in good time on the 13th, my two captains to the glacier of the Ganges, and Wilson and myself for a valley where we hoped to find burrell. Out all next day in rain and mist. The walking was very bad; but I killed three splendid burrell—glorious sport. The shooting, or rather walking, at this time of the year is a very different affair

from that in May and June. The mountain-sides are covered with vegetation, through which you have to make your way in the morning for three or four miles, according to where your tent may be pitched. The grass and herbage is very high; and by the time the shooting-ground is reached, you are wet to the skin from the dew. However, the sun of India soon dries you, and if there is none, the sport will repay you. The burrell are all to be found above this long grass: they are very fat and good eating, and so they ought to be, to induce you to bring one home after killing him; for whatever the travelling may be up to the ground, the journey down is awful work, slipping and falling every few yards, being unable to see the bad places; however, the men were as often down as we were, and that was some consolation. The walking at this time is very dangerous, as a false step or slip would in all probability send you, unable to check yourself, over some ledge of rocks, and it is absolutely necessary to be careful. These were

the first burrell I had killed after the rains, and were really good fat mutton. So I kept a haunch for my two captains, and although our cook put it on to roast at ten in the morning, letting it stand at ease when roasted, and then warming it again when we were ready for dinner, it was considered most excellent.

September 15th.—Went up the hill; more rain and mist; no success with the burrell, but fell in with snow pheasants for the first time,—large birds as big as geese. This bird, the largest of the feathered game of the Himalayas, is known by its native name of Jer Moonall; but why it should be called a pheasant, to which bird it has not the least resemblance, I know not. It is much more like a large partridge. It inhabits exclusively the snowy ranges, or the large spurs from them, which are above the forest limits. Driven down by the snows of winter, they migrate in severe weather to the middle regions, avoiding forest or long grass, which they never enter. When walking they have

a rather ungainly gait, and at a little distance have something the appearance of a large gray goose, weighing about six pounds. They are generally fat, but their flesh is not particularly good, often having an unpleasant flavour, when the bird is killed at any considerable elevation, probably owing to some of the plants it there feeds upon.

During the next three days, almost incessant rain and thick weather drove us from the hill, leaving splendid ground behind us. Having encamped at the spot where we had parted from our companions, we shot twelve couple of teal in the afternoon, and had not powder and shot run short, we might have killed many more.

The 19th gave us a glimpse of fine weather, and we went out after a bear, but made nothing of it. My two friends returned from their trip to the Glacier, and after the haunch of burrell had been discussed, they gave their account of the expedition. We had sent with them our best men, and an old fellow of

a very careful turn of mind, Karla by name, to head the party, and show the way. Not having hands enough with them to make a bridge, they could not pick out a place for themselves, but had to cross the river by a bridge below the temple, made by Wilson for sporting purposes, and admirably calculated to try the nerves of the traveller, being about two feet wide, fifty in length, and 240 above the waters of the Ganges, which rushed furiously through the rocks below. My captain's head failed him the first time, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he crossed; he must have had good pluck to try it again, having once turned back. After various other adventures, they reached the Glacier, and were amply rewarded for their trouble. They spoke in high terms of old Karla's care and attention.

Next morning we moved camp in a torrent of rain, towards Bengallee. The rain which fell with us, was snow on the hills, which forced us to take the road by the river to

Bengallee, on the 21st, instead of over the mountain, as we had intended. Wilson and his companion had two or three good shots at tahir, but my Captain and I saw nothing all day. One fine morning, out of three thick misty days, enabled me to get a good shot or two, and kill a tahir, which was no sooner done, than the rain and hail beat us home.

September, 25th.—My last day. Went out with Wilson, had a long walk and found no tahir, but killed a gooral and a musk-deer. Wilson's account of the latter animal is most interesting, and being the result of many years close observation, is of considerable interest, as a contribution to the natural history of an animal, which, little known itself, produces so valuable an article as musk.

This little persecuted animal would probably have been left undisturbed to pass a life of peace and quietness in its native forests, but for the celebrated perfume with which nature has provided it. Its skin being

worthless from its small size, the flesh alone would hold out no inducement for the villagers to hunt it, while larger game was more easily procurable, and its comparative insignificance, would alike have protected it from the pursuit of the European sportsman. As the musk, however, renders it to the Puharries the most valuable of all, no animal is so universally sought after in every place it is known to inhabit. Musk is in demand in nearly every part of the civilised world, yet little I believe, is known of the nature and habits of the animal that produces it.

The musk-deer is rather more than three feet long, and stands nearly two high at the shoulder; but they vary considerably in size, those found in thick shady woods being invariably larger than those on rocky open ground. The head is small, the ears long and erect. The male has a tusk depending from each upper jaw, which, in a full-grown animal is about three inches long, the thickness of a goose-quill; sharp pointed, and

curving slightly backwards. The general colour is a dark speckled brownish gray, deepening to nearly black on the hind quarters, where it is edged down the inside of the thighs with reddish yellow. The throat, belly, and legs, are of a lighter gray. Legs long and slender; toes long and pointed; the hind heels are long, and rest on the ground as well as the toes. The fur is composed of thick spiral hairs, not unlike miniature porcupine quills; they are very brittle, breaking with a slight pull, and so thickly set, that numbers may be pulled out without altering the outward appearance of the fur. It is white from the roots to nearly the tips, where it gradually becomes dark. The fur is much longer and thicker on the hind parts than the fore, and gives the animal the appearance of being much larger in the hind quarters, than the shoulder. The tail, which is not seen unless the fur is parted, is an inch long, and about the thickness of a thumb; in females and young animals it is covered with hair; but in adult

males is quite naked, except a slight tuft at the end; and often covered, as well as all the parts near it, with a yellowish waxy substance.

The musk, which is much better known than the deer itself, is only found in adult males; the females have none, neither has any portion of their bodies the slightest odour of musk. The dung of the males smells nearly as strong as musk, but singularly enough neither in the contents of the stomach, nor bladder, nor in any other part of the body, is there any perceptible scent of musk. The pod, which is placed near the navel, and between the flesh and the skin, is composed of several layers of thin skin, in which the musk is confined, and has much the appearance of the craw or stomach of a partridge, or other small gallinaceous bird, when full of food. There is an orifice outwards through the skin, into which, by a slight pressure, the little finger will pass, but it has no connection whatever with the body. It is probable that musk is at times

discharged through this orifice, as the pod is often found not half full, and sometimes even nearly void. The musk itself is in grains, from the size of a small bullet to small shot, of irregular shape, but generally round or oblong, together with more or less in coarse powder. When fresh it is of a dark reddish brown colour; but when taken out of the pod and kept for any length of time, becomes nearly black. In autumn and winter the grains are firm, hard, and nearly dry; but in summer they become damp and soft, probably from the green food the animals then eat. It is formed with the animal, as the pod of a young one, taken out of the womb, is plainly distinguishable, and indeed is much larger in proportion than in grown up animals. For two years the contents of the pod remain a soft milky substance, with a disagreeable smell. When it first becomes musk, there is not much more than the eighth of an ounce; as the animal grows, it increases in quantity; and in some individuals as much as two ounces are found. An

ounce may be considered as the average from a full grown animal; but as many of the deer are killed young, the pods in the market do not perhaps contain, on an average, more than half an ounce. Though not so strong, the musk of young animals has a much pleasanter smell than that of old ones; but difference of food, climate, or situation, as far as my experience goes, does not at all affect the quality.

From the first high ridge above the plains, to the limits of forest on the snowy range, and for perhaps the whole length of the chain of the Himalayas, the musk-deer may be found upon every hill of an elevation above 8,000 feet, which is clothed with forest. On the lower ranges it is comparatively a rare animal, being confined to near the summits of the highest hills, as we approach the colder forests near the snow; but it is nowhere particularly numerous; and its retired and solitary habits make it appear still more rare than it really is. Exclusively a forest animal, it inhabits all

kinds of forest indiscriminately, from the oaks of the lower hills to the stunted bushes near the limits of vegetation. If we may judge from their numbers, the preference seems to be given to the birch forests, where the underwood consists chiefly of the white rhododendron and juniper.

In many respects they are not unlike hares in habits and economy. Each individual selects some particular spot for its favourite retreat, about which it remains still and at rest throughout the day, leaving it in the evening to search for food, or to wander about, returning soon after daylight. They will occasionally rest for the day in any place where they may happen to be in the morning, but in general they return to near the same spot almost every day, making forms in different quarters of their retreat a little distance from each other, and visiting them in turn. Sometimes they will lie under the same tree or bush for weeks together. They make forms in the same manner as hares, levelling with their feet a

spot large enough for the purpose if the ground is too sloping. They seldom, if ever, lie in the sun, even in the coldest weather, and their forms are always made where there is something to shelter them from its rays. Towards evening they begin to move, and during the night appear to wander about a good deal, from top to bottom of the hill, or from one side to another. In the day they are seldom seen moving about. Their nocturnal rambles are apparently as much for recreation as in search of food, as they often visit regularly some steep ledge of rock or precipice, where there is little or no vegetation. The Puharries believe that they come to such places to play and dance with each other, and often set their snares along the edge of such a ledge or precipice, in preference to the forest.

If not walking leisurely and slowly along, the musk-deer always goes in bounds, all fours leaving and alighting on the ground together. When at full speed, these bounds

are. sometimes astonishing for so small an animal. On a gentle slope, I have seen them clear a space of more than sixty feet at a single bound, for several successive leaps, and spring over bushes of considerable height at the same time. They are very sure-footed, and although a forest animal, in travelling over rocky and precipitous ground, have perhaps no equal. Where even the burrell is obliged to move slowly and carefully, the musk-deer bounds quickly and fearlessly; and although I have often driven them on to rocks which I thought it impossible they could cross, they have invariably found a way in some direction, and I never knew an instance of one missing its footing, or falling, unless wounded.

They eat but little compared to other ruminating animals, at least one would imagine so from the small quantity found in their stomachs, the contents of which are always in such a pulpy state, that it is impossible to tell what food they prefer. I

have often shot them whilst feeding, and found in the mouth or throat various kinds of shrubs and grasses, and often the long white moss that hangs so luxuriantly from the trees in the higher forests. Roots also seem to form a portion of their food, as they scratch holes in the ground, like many of the hill pheasants. The Puharries believe that the males kill and eat snakes, and feed upon the leaves of the "kedar patta," a small and very fragrant smelling laurel, and that the musk is produced by this food. They may probably eat the leaf of this laurel, amongst other shrubs, but from the few occasions upon which I have seen this laurel stripped of any portion of its leaves, it does not appear to afford a very favourite repast. Their killing snakes is doubtless quite fabulous.

The young are born either in June or July, and almost every female brings forth yearly, and often twins. These are always deposited in separate places some distance from each other, the dam herself keeping

apart from both, and only visiting to give them suck. Should a young one be caught, its bleating will sometimes bring the old one to the spot, but I never knew an instance of one being seen abroad with its dam, or of two young ones being seen together. Their solitary habits are innate, for if a fawn is taken young and suckled by a sheep or goat, it will not for some time associate with its foster dam, but as soon as satisfied with sucking, seeks some spot for concealment. It is amusing to see them suck, all the while they keep leaping up and crossing their fore legs rapidly over each other. They are rather difficult to rear, as many, soon after they are caught, go blind and die.

In most of the hill states the musk-deer is considered as royal property. In some, the Rajahs keep men purposely to hunt it; and in Gurwhal a fine is imposed upon any Puharrie who is known to have sold a musk pod to a stranger; the Rajah receiving them in lieu of rent.

In some districts they are hunted down with dogs, but snaring is by far the most common method practised for their capture. A few are occasionally shot by the village shikaries when in pursuit of other animals, but the matchlock is seldom taken out purposely to hunt musk-deer; for a hill shikarie does not carry the match lighted, and the deer being generally come upon face to face, almost every one would get away before he could strike a light and apply it to the match. In snaring, a fence about three feet high, composed of bushes and branches of trees, is made in the forest, generally along some ridges, and often upwards of a mile in length. Openings for the deer to pass through are left every ten or fifteen yards, and in each a strong hempen snare is placed, tied to a long stick, the thick end of which is firmly fixed in the ground, and the smaller, to which the snare is fastened bent forwards to the opening; so that the deer, when passing through, treads upon some small sticks which

hold it down, the catch is set free, the stick springs back and tightens the snare round the animal's leg. Besides the musk-deer, numbers of the forest pheasants, moonals, corklass, and argus, are caught in these snares; they are visited every third or fourth day, and it is seldom that the owners return without something or other. The polecats often find out the snares, and after once tasting the feast, if not destroyed soon, become a terrible annoyance, tracing the fence almost daily from end to end, and seizing on everything caught; they are often caught themselves, but immediately bite the snare in two and escape. Musk-deer are frequently lost to the snarers in this manner, for when one is eaten by the polecats the pod is torn to pieces, and the contents scattered on the ground. No animal swallows the musk, and when a deer has been killed and eaten by a leopard or other animal, if the ground be carefully examined, much of the musk may be picked up. Insects and maggots also leave it

untouched. I once found what I thought was a newly killed musk-deer, but on examination I discovered it was merely the skin and skeleton of one, which from its dry and withered state, must have been dead some months; the flesh had been completely eaten away by maggots, but the musk pod was entire.

The musk pods which reach the market through the hands of the native hunters are generally enclosed in a portion of the skin of the animal, with the hair or fur left on it. When they have killed a musk-deer, they cut round the pod, and skin the whole of the belly. The pod comes off attached to the skin, which is then laid with its fleshy side on a flat stone previously heated in the fire, and thus dried without singeing the hair. The skin shrinks up from the heat, into a small compass, and is then tied or stitched round the pod, and hung up in a dry place until quite hard. This is the general method of preparing them, but some put the pod into

hot oil, instead of laying it on a hot stone; but either method must deteriorate the quality of the musk, as it gets either completely baked or fried. It is best both in appearance and smell, if the pod is at once cut from the skin, and allowed to dry of itself.

The musk received from the Puharries is greatly adulterated, and pods are often made altogether counterfeit; and as they are generally sold without being cut open, it is scarcely possible to detect the imposture at the time. I have often seen pods offered for sale, which were merely a piece of musk-deer skin filled with some substance, and tied up to resemble a musk-pod, with a little musk rubbed over to make it smell. These are easy to detect, from there being no navel on the skin, it being cut from any part of the body. But the musk is sometimes taken out of real pods, and its place supplied by some other substance, and these are difficult to detect even if cut open, as whatever is put in, is made to resemble musk in

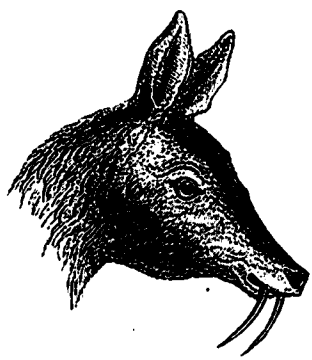
appearance, and a little genuine added, makes it smell nearly as strong. Some have only a portion of the musk taken out, and its place thus supplied; and others have all the musk left in, but something added to increase the weight. Even in the hills where it is produced, so little do the generality of the people know of musk, that I have often seen the Puharries about Gangoutrie, sell to the pilgrims, to men from the lower hills, and even to their own neighbours, small portions of what they called musk, but what was merely some substance resembling it, with a little genuine musk scattered over it. Of this stuff they would sell about a quarter of a tolah for a rupee, or about twenty shillings an ounce.

The substances commonly used for adulteration or to fill the counterfeit pods are, blood boiled, or baked on the fire, then dried, beaten to powder, kneaded into a paste, and made into grains and coarse powder to resemble genuine musk; a piece

of the liver or spleen prepared in the same manner; dried gall, and a particular part of the bark of the apricot tree, pounded and kneaded as above. The dried paste from which common oil has been extracted, called "peena," is also used, and lumps of this are often without further preparation thrust into a pod through the orifice in the skin, to increase the weight. Sometimes no care is taken to give the material employed in filling a counterfeit pod even the appearance of musk. A gentleman once showed me a pod he had bought from a Puharrie at Missourie; on my telling him it was counterfeit, he cut it open, and found it filled with hookah tobacco.

September 26th, was a provokingly fine day, but our leave of absence was drawing to a close; so saying good-bye to Wilson with regret, we turned our backs upon the Snowy range, and went down to Missourie, as hard as we could go. Arrived there on the 30th, and in two nights more reached Meerut by dâk, where I had the satisfaction

of finding everything in capital order; the regiment healthy, and my horses in good condition.



MUSK-DEER.

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CHAPTER V.

The cold season.—Shooting.—March to Umballa.—Delhi.—Kurnal.—Start for the hills.—Arrangements for the trip.—Servants.—The Puharries.—Their good qualities.—Religion.—The Fairies.—Novel treatment of maladies.—The Teree Rajah.—His government.—State of the country.—A blood feud.—Puharrie equality.—Women.—Marriage.—Polyandry.—Dress.—Habitations.—Supplies to be procured in the villages.—Wild rhubarb, currants, raspberries, and strawberries.—Apricot orchards.—Vegetables.—Wild spinach and asparagus.—Edible fern.—Morells.—Mushrooms.—Hermetically sealed provisions.—Yew-bark tea.—Successful sport.—"Many a slip 'twixt cup and lip."—Recall to the plains.—Ferozepore.—Commencement of the Punjab campaigns.—My brigade.—March to Mooltan.—Apoplexy.—The Siege of Mooltan.

THE cold season of 1847-48 was spent pleasantly at Meerut; drill, shooting, cricket, and balls, kept the station alive, and prevented time from hanging heavy on the hands even of the idlest.

In the beginning of November, I sent off my tents to Hustanapoor, where the jeels are a favourite resort of wild fowl during the winter months; being an old bed of the

Ganges, abandoned by that most capricious of rivers in one of its almost annual changes. The country around is also well stocked with black partridge, &c., and quail are at times very numerous. I rode backwards and forwards, to and from Meerut, and had capital sport.

Towards the middle of February the regiment was ordered to march to Umballah, having been stationed a year at Meerut. Our route lay through Delhi, where we halted sufficiently long to see the Kootub, and the splendid ruins of this once magnificent city; where tombs, mosques, and palaces more or less falling into decay, bear witness to its ancient grandeur. Marching northwards we had a striking contrast to the time-honoured ruins of the ancient capital of India, in the lately abandoned cantonment of Kurnal, where long rows of barracks and bungalows, roofless, stripped of everything worth carrying off, and fast crumbling away amidst the tangled luxuriance of deserted gardens, and the encroaching

jungle, afforded us that most melancholy of all sights, a modern ruin. The shooting was tolerably good, but we had no sport on the march worthy of record.

Arrived at Umballah on the 1st March, and having settled myself in a good house, with capital stabling, which was the more necessary as everybody said we were to remain there for three years; my wishes turned again to my favourite haunts in the hills, and on the 15th April, Case, Clapcott, and myself started for Simla. Remaining there only a few days, we then crossed the hills by my old route to the valley of the Ganges, passing the Tonse and Jumna at the old points, and joining my friend Wilson early in May, at his huts at Chingallee.

Wiser by experience, I had brought no servants up from the plains, but took Oudea, a boy from Wilson's village, as a personal attendant, and the cooking, &c., was done by Wilson's own men. Coolies to carry the tents, provisions, and baggage, were easily found through Wilson's influence, and I soon began

to like and appreciate the good qualities of the Puharries, which subsequent expeditions in the hills only confirmed. They are a fine set of fellows, strong and hard as iron, and much attached to Europeans who treat them well. Civil without servility and honest as the day, you might send a basket full of pice from one end of their country to the other without losing one; but this is not the case, either in Koonawur or in Cashmere; in Thibet they are equally to be trusted as in the valley of the Ganges. Year after year we had the same men with us, changing perhaps a brother for a brother or a cousin, but all from the same part of the hills, except a few men from the lower villages in Wilson's immediate vicinity, and although at first averse to going any great distance from their homes, they at last volunteered to accompany us even into Cashmere. They are not so bigotted in matters of caste and religion as the people of the lower ranges and the plains; but although all Hindoos and hard ridden by the Brahmin priests,

their chief belief is in the Fairies, and to them they sacrifice. That is, should a man be ill, the priest, with certain ceremonies, kills a sheep or goat belonging to the poor sick villager, and by way of propitiating the Fairies and ensuring the patient's recovery, has a good supper himself. On one of our expeditions, Ossaroo (my right-hand man on the hill side) was taken so ill just before we crossed the Buspa pass from Gangoutrie into Koonawur, that we were forced to leave him behind and order him home. Two months afterwards, on our return to his village, we found him still very ill, and as he had got through all his sheep and goats, by the help of the priests, he had but a bad chance of recovery; so we carried him off with us, and with a little care and a few calomel pills we soon put him on his legs again.

Throughout the country belonging to the Terée Rajah, which includes the upper villages of Jumnootrie and Gangootrie, the people are wretchedly governed; being what

is called a protected State,—that is, we protect the Rajah, and he plunders his subjects. The whole country is divided into districts, each of which is farmed by a Fundar, who is responsible to the Rajah for a certain amount of revenue. For this appointment he pays perhaps two or three thousand rupees; he has thus to screw the money he has paid, the revenue, and his own profits, out of the poor villagers. I once sent to a woman (whose husband had been drowned in my service) a sum of money; the men of her village, when I gave them the money, at once said that the Fundar would seize it, which he would doubtless have done, had I not directed them, in the event of his attempting to do so, to come down to Wilson, whose name sufficed to protect the widow, as he often appeals to the Rajah in the behalf of his people, and the old Rajah always attends to his advice.

The Jumnootrie villagers being rather farthest off, occasionally resist the Rajah's myrmidons, and have often told us, that they

would not allow the Fundar to bully them, were they not afraid of our government. It is perhaps as well that they are so, for despite their honesty and other good qualities, they are a lawless set in some of their notions, and fifty years ago they were very much in the same state as the north of England and Scotland in "the good old times." In most of the villages there still exists a square wooden tower, to which the women and children used to retire in times of danger.

There is one feud over which the villagers of Jalah and Sookee (two of the highest villages of the Gangootrie valley) brood to this day. Years ago the grandfathers of the present race crossed the head of the valley, upon an exploring expedition in the country beyond. Journeying peaceably onwards, the party arrived at the village of Mannah, where they were kindly received and hospitably feasted, and having exchanged caps with the villagers, as certain a mark of friendship in the hills as two chiefs in the

plains exchanging turbans, they retired to rest amongst their hosts. In the dead of night they were massacred almost to a man, one alone escaping to tell the tale. An old man still lives in Jalah, who being a boy at the time, relates the story, and adds, that when the sons and relatives of those who had been murdered grew up, and came to man's estate, they started to avenge the treacherous deed. On reaching the top of the pass, one of the loftiest and most dangerous in the Himalayas, the first man who attempted to cut the snow and ice on the other side to form a path, slipped and fell; the old man describes him as hanging for a moment, and then shooting downwards like lightning, disappearing for ever from the eyes of his horror-struck companions, who considering it a bad omen, turned back, abandoning their design. They still talk of going over, and would, I believe, do so even after this lapse of years, if they had a leader upon whom they could depend. But that is not likely to be the case, and I should think

that by the next generation the bitterness of the story will be forgotten.

In their villages the Puharries live upon terms of the most perfect equality, for although there is in each village a head-man, whom the Rajah holds responsible, he only acts when required, and resides amongst his fellow villagers as an equal.

The women are said to be occasionally handsome, but those that I have seen, were certainly, to say the least of it, not so; but perhaps the belles of the hills, unlike their European sisters, will not appear before strangers, or, I may have been unfortunate. They work very hard, and from constant exposure to the weather, soon become haggard and much older in appearance than in years. In some parts of the hills, they do all the laborious work: in Koonawur, for instance, they carry the loads, whilst those idle rascals, the men, do nothing.

Marriages are simple affairs, a mere question of sale and purchase; the aspirant for matrimonial bliss presenting his future

father-in-law, with whatever sum the girl's parents and the suitor consider to be the value of the bride. From eighty to one hundred rupees, will buy a good wife. Being often betrothed when children, the young lads begin early in life to save money to fulfil the engagement; a single man is unknown. I once asked all my men in succession (about fifty) whether they were married; they all, including even a young lad, answered in the affirmative; I then turned to my boy, Oudea, a lad barely fifteen, who always accompanied me; he grinned in reply, and said he had a wife too—when he could pay for her.

Polyandry exists in some part of the hills, but the result of my enquiries does not enable me to do more than record its existence.

They dress in home-spun cloth of undyed wool, wearing trousers loose above the knee, and fitting close from thence to the ancle, a sort of tunic shirt descending below the hips, confined round the waist, a flat cap, and

sandals strongly and neatly plaited.* The cottages in the Himalayas, with their overhanging eaves, and lower stories occupied by cattle, resemble greatly the Swiss châlets. The Puharries have one disagreeable failing, both their houses and persons are dirty, and they seem to have a dread of any external application of water.

The Puharries are generally willing to sell what supplies they may have to travellers; but in no case should a party trust to this source, but have articles for their own consumption carried with them.

The only luxuries to be procured in the hills, are wild fruits and vegetables. At the head of the list, I place the rhubarb, which is found in many parts of the Himalayas, and is indeed a great luxury.

* The sandals worn in the different valleys vary considerably, both in materials and manufacture. Those in use in the Gangoutrie valleys are the best, being formed of a leathern sole, with plaited leather half-way up, and finished over the foot with worsted. In Kulu and many other districts the sandals are formed entirely of straw. In Koonawur and around Simla, they somewhat resemble those used in the Gangoutrie and Jumnootrie valleys, but are of an inferior description.

It grows very near the snow, under which it lies buried during the winter; the finest I tasted anywhere, was in the Asrung Valley, on the Sutlej. Red currants are to be found very high up the mountains, but are indifferent. In the forests excellent raspberries, strawberries, and black currants, are met with in abundance. There are also many wild fruits unknown in Europe, but none sufficiently edible to deserve notice, except from scientific botanists. Round the villages the apricot orchards supply plenty of fruit; the greater part of the crop is dried by the Puharries for winter use, and the dry fruit is a pleasant addition to a sportsman's fare.

A few vegetables are raised around the villages, and when off the beaten track of visiters to the hills, we always found the inhabitants willing to supply us with what they had without seeking payment; we however always made them a present in return. Cucumbers they have in abundance, also what we used to call vegetable-marrows,

which were nothing but pumpkins ; however they were very good, and we were not at all particular, anything green being a treat when vegetables are scarce.

We used to find in the forests, a great variety of wild vegetables, which our men frequently brought in. The Puharries know the good from the bad, but I never liked to trust to my own selection, however inviting the appearance of the plant. Amongst these are spinach and asparagus, both good, but only to be met with in small quantities. One of the ferns, like the common bracken of England, but not the same, when just sprouting and the size of asparagus, is excellent. There are also many species of wild greens which I have eaten, but for which I have no names. The morell grows in sandy soil under the fir-trees, and is very plentiful in some places. Mushrooms we occasionally met with, but they are very scarce.

At times, during my various excursions, we were entirely without anything in the

shape of a vegetable, and in anticipation of these occasions, we always had with us carrots hermetically sealed in tin. I also always carried a certain stock of hermetically sealed soups and provisions, for in the wilder parts of the Himalayas, it would not do to trust alone to the gun for food, and I also found by experience, that where the work is so hard it did not answer to be on short commons.

There is a capital substitute for tea, in the inner bark of the yew tree, dried and prepared like tea. The colour is perfect, but I never could find much taste in the infusion, although one of my friends once said that he liked it better than tea.

Every arrangement for a lengthened expedition being made, we left Chingallee, and shot upwards in the direction of Gangoutrie; keeping the left bank of the Ganges, and looking over ground which I had not visited the previous year. I am almost tired of recording in my journal the beauty of the scenery, but however wearisome

the description, the reality itself never palls. We enjoyed ourselves excessively, our only drawback being the pitiable state of poor Case's feet, which were so cut and bruised by the rough walking that he could hardly hobble along, and nothing but pluck carried him to the end of the daily march.

We had been successful with the tahir and gooral, I was in a good shooting vein, and by the end of June we reached Gangoutrie, and were likely to have first-rate sport. But the old proverb, "many a slip 'twixt cup and lip," holds as good in the Himalayas as elsewhere, for one snowy day when we had just returned from a long walk, our dâk came in from Missourie, with orders to join forthwith at Ferozepore, whither the Regiment had been ordered from Umballa. Agnew and Anderson had been murdered at Mooltan, and troops were being concentrated on the frontiers of the Punjab in readiness for whatever might occur. We had previously heard of the deaths of poor Agnew and his companion,

but the authorities thought it unlikely that troops would move before the cold weather.

Bad as the news was to a sportsman, active service, or the chance of service, was ample consolation to a soldier, and anxious to reach the Regiment, we started at daybreak from the Glacier. At Gangoutrie we made a halt for breakfast, intending to proceed, but it snowed so hard, and the men were all so dead beat that we were forced to halt for the day. The freshest man was selected and sent off to Missourie to lay our dâk to Ferozepore, and in six days we ourselves reached Missourie, and started the same evening. The plains were almost red hot, but fresh from the snow though we were, the sun did not harm us, and in four days we arrived at Ferozepore.

The weather had been frightfully hot, and my poor Regiment had suffered much upon their march from Umballa. An officer and eight men had died on the line of march in one night, and had not the wind providen-

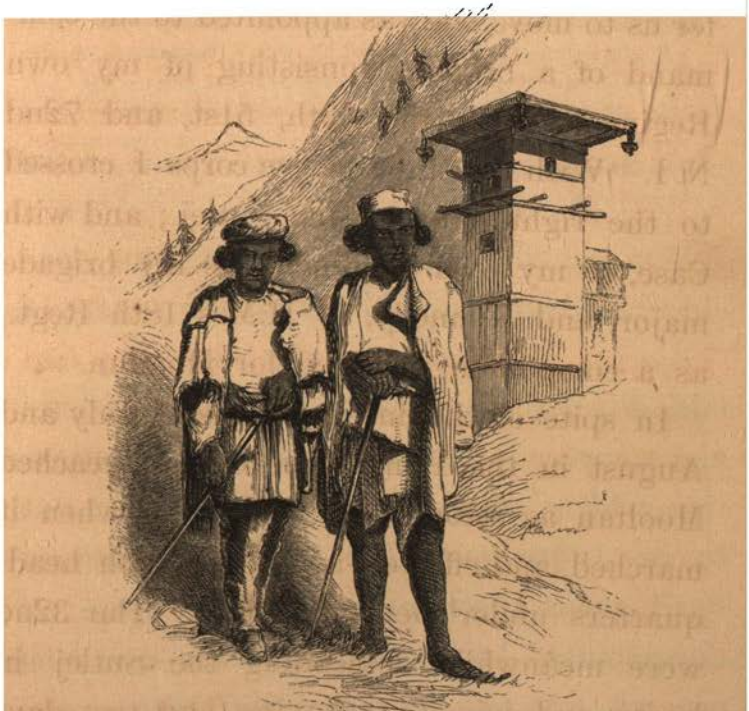
tially shifted, the doctor told me half the Regiment might have been cut off also.

At Ferozepore we found everything at a stand still, and nothing decided upon, and there we remained until the 23rd July; when the state of affairs in the Punjab becoming such as to render it imperative to take the field, irrespective of the season, the order came for us to move. I was appointed to the command of a brigade consisting of my own Regiment, with the 49th, 51st, and 72nd N. I. With the three native corps I crossed to the right bank of the Sutlej; and with Case, of my own Regiment, as my brigade major, and Kennedy, of H.M.'s 18th Regt., as a companion, marched for Mooltan.

In spite of the intense heats of July and August in the Punjab, the brigade reached Mooltan as strong and healthy as when it marched, and effected a junction with headquarters under General Whish. The 32nd were meanwhile descending the Sutlej in boats, and joined us, having had two days of intense heat during their march from the

river to Mooltan. Upon the first of these days fourteen men died, and on the second seven; all from apoplexy. The thermometer stood at 136° in the men's tents.

The heavy guns arrived, the siege of Mooltan commenced,—and the events from that hour to the battle of Goojerat are matters of history.



PUHARRIES.

CHAPTER VI.

Close of the Campaign.—Ordered to Jullunder.—Join Wilson in the hills.—Coolies.—Tents.—Rifles.—Sookee.—Tienne Garde.—Bear shooting.—The cave.—Tracking a wounded bear.—The charge.—No rifle.—Showing a bold front.—Coolie wounded.—The snow-bear.—Locality.—Description.—Habits and food.—A Puharrie and his wife.—Disadvantages of early rising.—Gholab Sing.—Carnivorous propensities of bears.—The black bear.—Its food and habits.—Robs orchards, mills, and beehives.—Attains to great size in the hills.—Their ferocity.—A bear's hug.—Gangoutrie.—The Rudegeira valley.—Burrell shooting.—The stalk.—A long shot and uncomfortable walk.—Return to Derallee.—Preparations for Koonawur.

WELL! The campaign is over; our dear old Chief had fought the crowning victory of Goojerat; the remains of the Sikh army had laid down their arms to Gilbert's division; and we were in camp awaiting our destination, which, after many reports, turned out to be Jullunder. The youngsters having fixed their affections on Lahore, were all disappointed—not so myself, for my men are my first consideration, and then comes the amusement of the officers. I was right

as to Jullunder, for it proved to be the best and most healthy station I have seen in India. Before the camp broke up, I had asked for and obtained six months' leave to shoot in the Himalayas.

Towards the middle of April, 1849, we marched into Jullunder, and having seen the Regiment comfortably settled, started on the 23rd, accompanied by Clapcott, to join Wilson, now an old and dear friend, who was to meet us opposite his huts near Jamka, which we accomplished on the 3rd of May.

Our arrangements were soon made, much as in former years; but amended by experience. We had two small tents, each of which one man could carry; but as we made long marches we allowed two men to each, one to the poles and the other to the canvass, turn about. We had about forty men (including Wilson's own establishment) with us, to beat the forests, carry the loads, beds, tents, ammunition, and provisions; for on this and subsequent expeditions, we were

often in districts where nothing whatever was to be obtained; and provisions for all hands, and even firewood, had to be carried with us. Besides the tents, we had a tarpaulin, that when stretched was like an American shanty, open in front, in which we always dined, with leaves, young boughs, or grass, to recline upon; a log at our backs, when there was wood, and a rock when there was none; in front a blazing fire when fuel was procurable, and in Thibet a wall of stones to keep out the wind, with a few sticks when they were to be had, to look like a fire.

A word as to our rifles. I always used Smyth's double rifles, 18 and 20-bore, light, certainly, for such shooting as the Himalayas afford, and I should certainly prefer a larger bore, were it not for the trouble of carrying so much more lead. If you hit in the right place, a small ball does its work as well; but if you are an inch or two out, a large ball makes a great difference with a strong and powerful animal.



Captn Sir E.P. Campbell Bar^t del.

Hullmandel & Walton, lith.

A CAMP IN THE HIMALAYAS.

We kept the right bank of the Ganges up to Bengallee, shooting gooral on our way there with various success, and crossed the Bengallee hill to Sookee, killing three or four tahir and some gooral. Shot two tahir at Sookee, and went on by Jallah to Derallee, shooting at Tienne Garde on our way up, where we were in great hopes of falling in with some snow-bears ; but found only their tracks, and got nothing but a burrell or two. At Sookee a fine old she bear was seen ; but before we could get near her, she had walked herself off.

From Derallee, Wilson and Clapcott went one day to a pet place, where I had shot an old bear and her year-old cub. I, taking with me two Puharries, old Bahadoor Sing, and Ossaroo, went about three miles back towards Tienne Garde, and turned up the hill to an open space, which proved to be one of the main feeding-grounds of the Bruin family. Ere long, we discovered a fine old fellow earning his supper, digging away for roots. I fired at him when end on to me,

and put a ball, close to his whiskers, into the bank behind him; or, in other words, I missed him. Thus disturbed, he came down hill right towards me: I gave him the other barrel, and shot him through the neck; the men thought that I had missed him again, but he turned, leaving bloody traces of his wound, by which we tracked him for a mile, until we came to a large rock, and there we heard our friend growling and groaning in a cave formed by the rock, a rather ticklish place to get at him. If we got on the rock, we could not see into the cave; and if we went under, we were so much below him, as to give him greatly the advantage in a charge.

A consultation followed, and it was decided that Ossaroo should climb a tree to reconnoitre, Bahadoor and I standing so as to command the mouth of the cave without getting under it. The reconnoitering party soon began to make signs that he could shoot him from the tree; but Bruin, suspecting that all was not right, put out his

head to see what was going on, and a very savage, ugly old head it was ; I sent another ball through his neck as he looked out, which brought matters to a crisis, and out he came straight at old Bahadoor and myself. But as we were on higher ground and had three barrels left, he had no chance, although we nearly gave him one ; for as he was about to close, I fired and missed, the old Puharrie doing the same ; they however turned the old boy down hill into the jungle, and Ossaroo having dropped from his perch, we all set off in pursuit, and found him sitting on his end in the jungle. His back was towards me, and firing one shot at him, he rose up, took a few paces forward, and rolled over, dead. The second shot in his neck had settled him. He was a magnificent specimen of a snow-bear. We skinned him, and left his carcase as a present to the crows and vultures, which I rather grudged them, for in Canada we should have eaten him.

We had scarcely returned to the feeding

ground, before Ossaroo spied a second, and whilst trying to get near him, we came upon another, a very large one. Feeding with his head towards me, my first shot hit him in the shoulder, and the next somewhere else, but where I know not; you are generally able to tell when you have hit a bear, for they almost invariably sing out when struck, a kind of half growl, half grunt. Finding much blood we followed him by it some distance into the jungle, but the sun was now set, and as it was growing dark, we gave him up for the present, and left further pursuit till the morning, expecting fully to find him dead.

After our supper, in arranging our plans for the next day, I much wished Wilson and Charley Clapcott to accompany me in the morning; but no, they would find a bear for themselves, and were sure that I should have no difficulty with my old fellow; so after a glass of punch and a cheroot or two, we turned in for the night.

At daylight I was off with my two old

hands, and a couple of coolies. Taking up the track at the point where we left it the evening before, we traced the bear for more than two miles through a very thick difficult jungle, when all signs were lost, and we were brought to a stand-still. Poking about, I happened to see a large rock overhead, some little way up, through the jungle, and said, I would just go and see if friend Bruin had come to an anchor there. My old man, Bahadoor, who generally keeps close to my coat-tails (that is where they would be, if I had any, for in the hills I always dress Puharrie fashion), I supposed to be as usual behind me, and a young coolie was close to me on my left. I had just got well under the rock, which was about ten yards above me, when without the slightest warning, out charged the old bear, making an awful row; growling savagely, he came slap at me; no rifle was as usual put into my hand, but as he closed, I faced him and up with my stick, he turned (the old coward!) and with one blow

knocked the coolie head over heels. I halloed for my rifle, and ran to where I thought I had the best chance for a shot, but he made good his retreat, and we never found him again.

Returning to look after the wounded coolie, I found him rather more frightened than hurt, but a good deal damaged too: the bear had missed his mark to a certain extent, but had sent one claw right into the skull in the forehead, his intention having been to put his paw on the fellow's head and scalp him, which they do very cleverly at times; a bear striking almost invariably at the head and face, and stripping off scalp, nose, cheeks, and lips at a single stroke. Thus ended my morning's work.

Helping our wounded man along, we returned home, five or six miles, to breakfast, where we found Wilson and Master Charley just come in, having seen nothing, the morning being a bad time for bears, as they feed all night, and retire very early. They were much vexed at not having accompanied



TOO CLOSE TO BE PLEASANT

me. That evening I killed an old she bear, but she fell stone dead, and showed no sport. I saw a good many bears at this place, but did not get another, wounding one, and only one. Clapcott had no luck, though he ran foul of an old lady one evening, within two yards of him, and narrowly escaped an embrace.

The species I have called the snow bear is known according to the individual fancy of sportsmen as the brown, red, yellow, white, gray, silver, or snow bear; the latter Wilson adopted as the most significant appellation, it being found only in the high and cold regions near the snow, and never descending to the lower hills. Some naturalists believe there are several varieties of a brown or yellow coloured bear in the snowy ranges and in Thibet, but in the Himalayas this is not the case; and out of a great number killed in different parts of the hills, no one differed from another in any essential particular. In Thibet the Tartars deny altogether the existence of one in the

country. Possibly the different appearance of the animal at different seasons of the year, and the various shades of colour in different individuals, may have given rise to this opinion. A slightly different species, however, is found in and about Cashmere; of a reddish-brown colour, with a longer snout. It is very savage, and is, I imagine, the animal that is exhibited in the plains as "the dancing bear."

In spring the fur of the snow bear is long and shaggy, of various shades of a yellowish brown; in some approaching to a silvery gray, and in others deepening to a reddish brown. If the skins of two that had run into opposite extremes as to colour, were laid before a closet student of natural history, he would be apt to declare them as of different varieties. In summer the long yellow fur falls off, and is replaced by a much shorter and darker-coloured coat, which gradually grows longer and lighter as winter draws nigh. The females are generally the lightest coloured, and the cubs

have a broad circle of white round the neck, which becomes smaller as they increase in size, and in very old animals is quite obliterated.

In winter they keep concealed in caves, and make their first appearance for the year when the snow begins to melt in March or April. In spring and summer they frequent the borders of the forest on green spots where fresh grass has sprung up, and about places where flocks of sheep have been kept when on the summer pasture grounds. At this time their food consists chiefly of grass and roots, but scorpions and other insects form a portion, and in search of which they turn over stones of an immense size. In autumn they keep more in the forest, feeding on various fruits, seeds, and berries, of which the hips of the common wild rose form a considerable share; as these begin to get scarce they return to roots and insects.

Like its near relative, the black bear, it often visits the villages in summer for apricots, and in autumn for the buckwheat

and other grain crops. The mischief done to the crops and gardens by the bears is very great, and in most parts of the hills a kind of nest, or exalted sentry-box, is constructed to enable a watch to be kept during the night, and many bears are killed annually whilst foraging.

A proud man is a villager when he has succeeded in killing a bear, and not long since, an old Puharrie, bent upon accomplishing this feat, got up one morning very early, and taking his matchlock sallied forth quietly in search of a bear. His wife being an early riser had gone out before him, and was weeding the field in the gray of the morning. The husband seeing a dark object moving about in the field, took her for a bear (and stooping down in her dark dress she would be by that light not unlike one), fired, and killed his poor old wife; which was the end of the affair, for in these hills there are no coroner's inquests. In Cashmere an officer's servant, having by accident killed a man in an apricot tree, mistaking him in like

manner for a bear; the poor fellow's friends made a great outcry about it, and went to Gholab Sing, who dismissed them with the consolatory speech of—"Why, the man is dead, what can we do?"

Bears in the plains are not carnivorous, I believe, but in the hills they eat flesh, whether fresh or putrid, whenever they meet with it. In summer when the flocks are taken to the higher pasture-grounds they often kill sheep and goats, frequently, as if in mere wantonness, destroying several in a few minutes. When attacking the flocks they seem with their wish for a change of diet to throw off their natural fear of mankind, being then often so daring, as to require the united efforts of men and dogs to drive them off, which is sometimes not effected until many sheep have been converted into mutton. They do not attack people unless molested or disturbed. The female has cubs in April or May, generally two, which if caught young are easily tamed, following at the heels of their captor

like dogs the day after being taken; but if many months old when caught, all efforts to tame them are in vain.

The common black bear is not only more numerous, but is spread over a much larger extent of country, than the snow bear, being found both in the higher and lower hills. Occupying the more inhabited districts of the Himalayas, they are very frequent and unwelcome visiters to the fields and orchards when tired of their spring food of roots, grass, scorpions and other shelled insects. In remote places they are sometimes seen near the villages, both long before dark, and after daylight, committing great ravages in the green barley, buckwheat, and khoda (a grain common in the lower and middle hills); wheat they will not touch. Wherever there are apricot trees, they are sure to be regular visiters to the orchards as long as the fruit lasts. The time when they may be seen in the greatest numbers, is the autumn of a year in which acorns are plentiful. Then from October to December

they collect in the oak forests, and when passing through a district studded with oak, the trees will be seen with the branches torn and broken, and either collected into heaps in the tree, like huge rooks'-nests, or hanging loosely about.

Morning or evening is the time to catch them at work, as they seldom remain out during the day. Evening is best, many leaving before daylight. They find shelter in the same forest, or in its immediate vicinity, in patches of thick jungle, or amidst rocks and broken ground; often making a kind of cover for themselves by bending slender reeds or bushes towards each other, and intertwining and fastening the ends.

When food is scarce, they will often pay regular visits to the village mills, turning over the millstone and licking up the remnants of the flour left in grinding. Cucumbers and pumpkins disappear from the gardens, and bee-hives are frequently destroyed and plundered, although fixed in the walls of houses in which the inmates

are sleeping. Their carnivorous propensities are the same as the snowy bear; they like sheep and goats occasionally, but are not at all particular as to the freshness of the meat, for they are often caught in the same trap, and with the same baits, as the leopard.

The bear in the hills grows to an immense size, and is a powerful and often ferocious animal. Wilson has loaded four men with the fat alone of a single bear, which eight or ten stout Puharries could not lift from the ground. They are always in much the best condition after feeding on acorns, and whenever there has been a failure of that particular crop, they are comparatively poor and thin. Of their ferocity the number of Puharries met with throughout the hills, with their faces either completely torn away or horribly disfigured, is a sad proof. In almost every instance the face is the part the brute aims at, tearing away the nose, cheeks, and nearly all the flesh.

Various are the ways the encounters take

place, but generally when the beast is accidentally met by a single person face to face, and the injury inflicted on the instant, before the unfortunate individual has time either to retreat or defend himself; the bear being probably as much frightened, and as anxious to escape as its victim. They seldom wantonly attack a person without molestation, unless thus suddenly stumbled upon; although one is occasionally known to do so, as if from sheer ferocity.

At Hooree, a village in the upper part of Gurwhal, on the Ganges, there lives a strong athletic Puharrie, noted as a great shikarie both with the matchlock, and bow and arrow; who had sealed the fate of many a grisly old bear, and a person not unlikely in a case of emergency, to stand a tough struggle for victory. Going out one morning to look at his fields, and stooping down for some purpose or other, he suddenly heard something moving behind him; starting up, he turned to look round, and found himself in the clutches of an old bear. He was

thrown to the ground in an instant, and the bear passed on its way; but that one short hug had mauled the poor fellow in such a manner, that death would have almost been preferable. His face was completely torn away, cheeks, nose, and lips, and he crawled to the village a sickening spectacle, with the blood streaming in torrents from his mangled countenance. Where the bear had come from, or in what manner it had approached him unseen, he could form no idea, as it took place in the open fields, where the green barley was only a few inches high, and there was neither bush nor jungle near. He is still alive, and Wilson often sees him, but it is so painful to talk to, or even to look at him, that he never questioned him as to the exact particulars of the encounter, which he learnt, as I have given above, from the sufferer's fellow villagers.

I have myself, met with two or three Puharries who will carry with them to the grave the marks of Bruin's embraces. One

of them, although horridly disfigured, still follows the chace, and woe to the bear he gets a chance at. Another who was quite blind, told me he was the man who had saved an officer's life (the story I had heard), but poor fellow, he was unable to save himself, and although he had lost his eyesight, he did not appear to be so much injured as some of the others.

Leaving Derallee, we went up to Gangoutrie, shooting over two or three hills on our way, and above Gangoutrie we had to bridge the Ganges in two places, in order to get to our best ground. We had just finished the last bridge, and having worked hard, had gone into the tent for a little bread and cheese, when we heard the coolies calling out that "a bear was coming up the bank of the river." Wilson and I ran out; Charley stuck to his cheese; and I shot old Mrs. Bruin within two hundred yards of our camp, and finished my bread and cheese in five minutes. This done, I sententiously delivered myself for Charley's benefit of the

remark, "Young gentleman, take warning by this, and never be lazy." Crossed the bridge that evening to explore the other side; Clapcott killed two burrell, but Wilson and I came home empty-handed.

Having spoken of the magnificence of the scenery about the glacier of the Ganges when I visited it in summer, I must not pass it over when seen in the autumn, at which time the atmosphere being cleared by the rains, the huge mountains around unshrouded by vapours, sharp and distinct in outline, stand forth in all their beauty, from the deep-blue sky they almost seem to pierce. I counted one morning, whilst sitting at breakfast, sixteen peaks of everlasting snow around us: no view I ever beheld made such an impression upon me. I can never forget it; and long to go back and see it once more. I have lived in the solitudes of the American forests in their summer beauty, and in their winter snows; stood under the Falls of Niagara; and seen the ocean in its wildest moods; but this remains

impressed on my memory, as a scene far surpassing all. The glacier itself being 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, I should think that the highest peaks in its vicinity must be from 21 to 25,000 feet, but, I believe they have not been measured.

The next day being Sunday, we walked quietly up about three miles to a new place, and halted. During our walk we passed two fine old bears, on a slope over our heads, but not carrying rifles on Sunday, they bowled off unhurt, to a valley, into which we have never been able to find a road; indeed the bears themselves were very much puzzled, for they are rather awkward in difficult places; however they went off, and we went on.

For the three following days, we shot over what we consider the best burrell-ground on the hills, and had tolerable sport, and then came down the hill to the Rudegeira valley, which I have christened "The happy hunting grounds;" a capital place for three days' shooting. The first day I killed three burrell,

but was only able to bring home two; and my companions, who were on what we considered the best beat, did nothing.

I shot two splendid old males next morning, after a most interesting stalk. A flock being discovered, the first thing is to watch them a few moments, to ascertain whether they are on the move, or stationary; if moving, wait patiently until they have settled either to graze, or lie down. If they continue to move on, and occasionally turn and look back, you may be almost certain that they have taken alarm either from seeing or hearing you, and the chances are then small of your getting a shot. Should you be satisfied they are not alarmed, as soon as they seem stationary, examine the localities carefully, and fix upon the best line to take to get within shot unperceived. If there are many men in company, take only one, and make the rest lie down, and keep quite still.

We are forced to take rather a large party in shooting over these mountains, for we

cannot leave the animals that we kill to be brought home the next day as is done in the Highlands of Scotland; for we are often on the move, and the distance would be too great to send in the morning.

The same rules which apply to deer-stalking, should be followed in burrell-shooting, and a good hand at the former will soon be equally good at the latter. A burrell is a much quicker-sighted animal than a red deer, or than any animal I ever hunted, except his big brother, the Ovis Ammon; and if he once gets sight of you your chance is over for that day, which is a serious consideration when you have to travel so far to find them.

In this instance, we saw the flock some two miles below us; they were going down to their feeding ground. It was very early in the morning and bitterly cold, and there was nothing for it, but to lie down.

It seems to make but little difference whether they are approached with or against the wind, as they appear to be either ignorant

or heedless of the smell of the human race; or perhaps they may not be gifted with the sense of smell in the same degree as they are with those of sight and hearing. It certainly appears to be an unpardonable infringement of the rules of stalking to approach a wary animal on the wind; but in several years' experience, we never had any occasion to believe, that we had alarmed burrell by approaching them with the wind blowing towards them; of course supposing the advance to be made as noiselessly as possible; for undoubtedly should any noise be made by speaking, or loosening stones with the feet, a sound would be carried by the wind to a sharp-eared animal like the burrell, which would be unheard from another direction, and although as already mentioned, noise does not disturb them much, it will put them on the alert, and there would then be a greater probability of your being seen.

After the first shot you may generally fire all your barrels, and often reload and

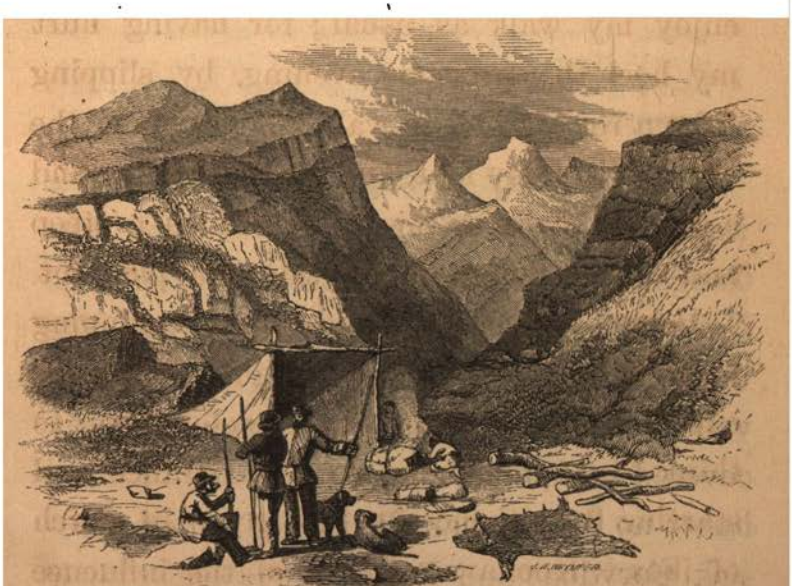
fire again before the animals are entirely out of long range. If you can keep concealed so much the better, as their attention will then be partially distracted by not knowing the exact quarter from whence the reports proceed; but even if you unavoidably expose yourself, they will often move away slowly, frequently standing to look at you. In this respect they differ from almost every other animal, going off with as much nonchalance when you come close upon them, as when disturbed by your appearance half a mile distant; my boy and his brother, when we were moving camp one day (having my double gun and an old rifle), killed seven, and they said they could have killed the whole flock had they had a sufficient number of bullets. I also remember that the burrell they brought in, supplied us just in the very nick of time, for we had no meat, having only killed a bear ourselves, and it is not fashionable to eat bear's flesh in the Himalayas, although considered a delicacy in other parts of the world.

After such a capital morning's sport, I returned to camp, and did not go out again in the afternoon, for fear of spoiling the next day's shooting for Clapcott, who however, when the time came, was not well enough to accompany us, and we went out without him. We were unfortunate, had very hard work, and lost a burrell early in the morning. In the evening I saved a blank day, by making a wonderfully long shot and killing a young male by chance. Independently of having had no sport, I did not enjoy my walk as usual; for having hurt my heel the previous evening, by slipping from a rock, I had to walk all day upon the fore part of my foot, and at nightfall found a descent of six or seven miles down a steep and rugged mountain, anything but pleasant.

Heavy masses of clouds were beginning to collect, and the rains might shortly be expected to set in; it was therefore time to think of retracing our steps to Derallee, and starting from thence for Koonawur in search of ibex. Koonawur is out of the influence

of the rainy season, and although it rains and snows there hard enough at times, the climate is beautiful at the season when other vallies are inundated with rain.

Having returned to Derallee, two days were spent repacking and re-arranging the kiltas as speedily as possible, for we were anxious to be off, there now being no inducements to remain in that neighbourhood; as the bears had gone higher up, and there was nothing to be got except musk-deer, which were moreover difficult to find.



BIVOUAC.

CHAPTER VII.

The Neila valley, or, "Vale of Flowers."—A bear and her cub.—Sickness in our camp.—Lofty pass.—Torrents.—Snow-storm.—Shelter in a cave.—Buspa valley.—Chenee.—Clapcott leaves for Simla.—Asrung valley.—The ibex.—Its description.—Migration.—Habits.—Wariness and shyness.—Wonderful climbing powers.—Its speed over rocky and precipitous ground.—Return to the cave in the Buspa valley.—The two passes.—The pass into Thibet.—Barren country.—Tangee.—Stopped by the Tartars.—Assembly and consultation of Tartar chiefs.—Their fear of their Chinese masters.—Costume and villages.—Proceed to Polinsundra.—The white leopard.—Unexpected meeting.—Arrive at Polinsundra.—Return to Derallee from Thibet.—Scarcity of game.—One of our men drowned.—Dangerous torrents.—Kedar valley.

ALL necessary arrangements being made, we started for Koonawur, crossing the Ganges below Derallee, and ascending the Neila valley, or "the vale of flowers." For three days our route lay up this lovely valley, in which the hills were literally covered with blossoms of the most brilliant hues; no flower-enamelled mead, where love-sick Corydons and Daphnes neglected their

pastoral duties for pastoral ditties, was ever painted by poet in flowing rhymes, that could equal the gorgeous beauty of this vale of flowers, embosomed amidst rocks, and overhung by lofty peaks encrusted with eternal snow.

We were not idle on the way, for a very fine male burrell fell before my rifle, and Wilson and I killed a large snow bear, the old dame affording excellent sport. We had been out all day in the rain, and were making our way towards camp, when we espied her with her cub down by the edge of a small stream. It was a capital place for getting a good shot, and down we went after her. Whether I was blown, and my hand unsteady, or from some other unknown cause, instead of putting a bullet through her heart, I shot her through the snout. Away she went, and my second barrel, and Wilson's double rifle failed in stopping her. Suddenly she remembered her cub, which had stayed behind, and was now going quietly off the other way, past us. Back she

came, furiously savage, the blood spurting out from her mouth, and rushed straight up the hill at me, where I was standing awaiting her onset, with a double-gun, having a couple of balls in each barrel. The first shot I missed her, firing just over her back; the second rolled her over when close to me, but up she got, and was off again; when Wilson, who had by this time reloaded, and was at her heels, sent another ball through her body. Crossing a roaring torrent by a snow bridge, she turned sharp down the other side among the brushwood, but being badly hit, was not able to get far up the bank. The cub now left its mamma, and went off to shift for itself. As soon as I had loaded, I hastened after Wilson, who called out to me that she was quite within shot, and we continued firing at her from our side, till she crossed a low ridge, and we lost sight of her. It was now nearly dark, and leaving her to her fate, sorry as we were to leave a poor wounded animal (although it was a bear), we had no

choice, and so made off to our tents. Next morning we found her lying dead with twelve balls through her; establishing a fact I have often remarked, that when once an animal is wounded, it will receive and go off with many a wound, which had it been the first given, would have instantly stopped it.

At the head of the Neila valley is the pass of the same name, leading over to the Buspa river. At the foot of the pass we had the misfortune to lose the services of Ossaroo, who became so ill, that he had to remain behind and return to his own village: he was an irreparable loss to me. We had ascended the pass next day, about six miles, when Clapcott was taken ill also, and we were obliged to halt at a spot where fortunately there was a little wood. In the morning we crossed the pass, which although of great altitude, being 16,000 feet above the sea, is tolerably easy to surmount; the day was fine until we reached the summit, when a blinding storm of snow came on. Descending

the pass, which occupied a considerable time, we encountered the usual impediments of small rivulets swollen into torrents, by the snow melting during the day, and fording one stream with difficulty, were brought up by a second which we could not cross, and encamped for the night on its bank. The snow was very deep, and we had some trouble to find a scanty supply of wood.

The following day we discovered a ford through the river, and crossed it and another stream, both so bitterly cold as to strike a chill to the very marrow of even the hardy Puharries. The snow continued to fall heavily, and right glad were we all to reach a large cave, where we halted and soon got warm again. Wilson and myself, with the assistance of two tough old Puharries, passed all the sheep and goats over. The rest of the people went on to the cave fairly beat. One old fellow, from Mussoorie, who had walked over the pass without shoes, was so exhausted that I had

to run up to the cave and administer a strong dose of brandy. At noon the snow ceased, and Wilson and I strolled out with our rifles, but had to content ourselves with seeing the track of a bear.

Three days' journey, through a thinly-wooded country, brought us down to Chithool. As far as shooting was concerned we were unfortunate in this valley, for we only saw two bears on the opposite bank of the river, and a few burrell on our side. It is a famous resort of bears in July, but not earlier in the year. From hence we passed into the valley of the Sutlej, and crossed that river by a Jula bridge to Chenee, where Clapcott determined to leave us and go into Simla. On the 9th of July we parted company, and he never regretted his decision but once, and that was the whole time he spent at Simla. I do not mean to insinuate that Simla is not a pleasant hospitable place, but he liked my life in the interior better, although when he left me he did not know it.

Our route lay in the opposite direction, and we encamped within a mile or two of the ridge over Asrung, and being now on one of the regular tracks of excursionists from Simla, fell in with a party, which had reached the Asrung valley before us, and consequently considerably injured our sport. In this valley, except just at the entrance to it, there are no trees, except a few stunted birch for some miles up the river side, hardly worthy of the name of trees, which serve the ibex for winter shelter and food. But the hill sides to the very top of the valley produce juniper bushes, which thrive luxuriantly, and make the warmest and best fire of any wood I have ever burnt; it grows to a great size, the branches being frequently many inches in circumference; so that where we had expected to have been wretchedly cold, we found abundance of fuel, and the people and ourselves were never more warm and comfortable. From the 12th to the 28th of July we remained in the valley exploring all the

wildest and most retired spots in search of ibex. We found a great number, but were not very successful in this our first essay in ibex shooting, for we only killed two; but we laid in a stock of knowledge concerning them and their habits, that ensured our success in the following years.

The male ibex is about the size of the tahir, and except just after changing their coats, when they are of a greyish hue, the general colour is a dirty yellowish white, tinged with brown. I have however killed the younger animals, both male and female, with their coats as red as that of a deer in his red coat, but never saw an old male of that colour, for the reason, I imagine, that he lives much higher, and sheds his coat much later in the season. The hair is short, something in texture like that of the burrell and other wild sheep, and in the cold weather is mixed with a very soft downy wool, resembling the shawl wool of Thibet. This and the old hair is shed in May and June, and

in districts occupied by the flocks at that season, the bushes and sharp corners of rocks are covered with their cast off winter coats. The striking appearance of the ibex is chiefly owing to the noble horns which nature has bestowed upon it. In full-grown animals, the horns which curve gracefully over the shoulders are from three to four feet in length along the curve, and about eleven inches in circumference at the base. Very few attain a greater length than four feet, but I have heard of their being three inches longer. Their beards, six or eight inches in length, are of shaggy black hair. The females, light greyish brown in colour, are hardly a third the size of the males, and their horns are round and tapering, from ten inches to a foot in length. Their appearance upon the whole is clean-made, agile, and graceful.

In the summer they everywhere resort to the highest accessible places where food can be found, often to a part of the country several marches distant from their winter

haunts. This migration commences as soon as the snow begins to disappear, and is very gradually performed, the animals receding from hill to hill, remaining a few days upon each.

At this season the males keep in large flocks, apart from the females; as many as a hundred may occasionally be seen together. During the heat of the day they rarely move about, but rest and sleep, either on the beds of snow in the ravines, or on the rocks and shingly slopes of the barren hill sides, above the limits of vegetation. Sometimes, but very rarely, they will lie down on the grassy spot where they have been feeding. Towards evening they begin to move, and proceed to their grazing grounds, which are often miles away. They set out walking slowly at first, but if they have any considerable distance before them soon break into a trot, and sometimes the whole flock will go as hard as they can lay legs to the ground. From what we could gather from the natives, we concluded that they

remain in these high regions until the end of October, when they begin to mix with the females, and gradually descend to their winter resorts. The females do not wander so much or so far; many remaining on the same ground throughout the year, and those that do visit the distant hills are generally found lower down than the males, seldom ascending above the limits of vegetation. They bring forth their young in July, having often twins; and, like other gregarious animals, many are frequently found barren.

The ibex are wary animals, gifted with very sharp sight, and an acute sense of smell. They are very easily alarmed, and so wild, that a single shot fired at a flock, is often sufficient to drive them away from that particular range of hills they may be upon. Even if not fired at, the appearance of a human being near their haunts, is not unfrequently attended with the same result. Of this we had many instances during our rambles after them; and the very first flock



Capt.n Sir E.F Campbell, Bar.t del.

Hullmandel & Walton, lith

IBEX, MALE & FEMALE

of old males we found, gave us a proof. They were at the head of the Asrung valley, and we caught sight of them just as they were coming down the hill to feed—a noble flock of nearly a hundred old males. It was late in the day, and we had a long way to return to camp. Prudence whispered, "let them alone till to-morrow," but excitement carried the day, and we tried the stalk. Having but little daylight remaining, we may have hurried, and consequently approached them with less caution than we should have done, had we had time before us. However it might be, we failed; for long before we got within range, some of them discovered us, and the whole flock decamped without giving us the chance of a shot. Not having fired at, or otherwise disturbed them, more than by approaching the flock, we were in great hopes of finding them the next day; but that and several succeeding ones were passed in a fruitless search. They had entirely forsaken that range of hills.

All readers of natural history are familiar

with the wonderful climbing and saltatory powers of the ibex; and although they cannot (as has been described in print) make a spring and hang on by their horns until they gain footing, yet in reality, for such heavy-looking animals, they get over the most inaccessible-looking places in an almost miraculous manner. Nothing seems to stop them, nor to impede in the least their progress. To see a flock, after being fired at, take a direct line across country, which they often do, over all sorts of seemingly impassable ground; now along the naked face of an almost perpendicular rock, then across a formidable landslip, or an inclined plane of loose stones or sand, which the slightest touch sets in motion both above and below; diving into chasms to which there seems no possible outlet, but instantly reappearing on the opposite side; never deviating in the slightest from their course; and at the same time getting over the ground at the rate of something like fifteen miles an hour; is a sight not easily to be forgotten. There are

few animals, if any, that excel the ibex in endurance and agility.

From the Asrung valley we crossed over into that of Penee, in Spitee, but not knowing anything of the district, we did not give it a fair trial, and have since ascertained that there is some of the finest ibex ground in the Himalayas, in that valley. We were about six weeks or two months too late; and next year we tried hunting it earlier with great success, profiting by this year's experience.

Retracing our steps, we left Asrung on the 28th of July, fairly worked off our legs, and passing through Barung, Sangla, and Chithool, made our way back to the cave in the Buspa valley, which had sheltered us during the snow storm. From hence there are two passes, one into the Gangoutrie valley, over which we had come; and the other into Thibet, by the village of Tangee. We took the latter route, hoping to reach Polinsundra through Thibet. In four days we reached Tangee, with only three days'

provisions left for our men, having traversed a most dreary pass, a succession of barren rocks, with here and there, at wide intervals, a stunted tree and an occasional patch of scanty vegetation.

At the village our further progress was stopped by the Tartars, that is to say, they offered a passive resistance. Had we persevered in our wish to advance, what they might have done, I know not; but had it come to blows, I imagine we could have cleared the whole country from Tangee to Polinsundra, with our Jumnootrie men, had we been so inclined. But that would not have done for me. We waited until the chiefs from various villages assembled, in the vain hope that the discussion might end in our favour; they had a long palaver, which terminated in their declaring that they dared not allow us to proceed. In the morning they had promised to supply us with provisions, but when it came to the point, they either had none, or would not part with them, although we offered them a

most tempting price. The truth was, they were afraid of their masters, the Chinese authorities, who govern the province, and issue the strictest edicts against the admission of strangers into the country.

These Tartars were a good-humoured, jolly-looking race, with broad flat faces, florid complexions, and jet-black hair. Their dress consisted of long coats of home-spun wool; with long cloth boots, made to pull over the knee, and soled with leather, an excellent guard against the winter's snow; red sashes around the waist, in which they carry a knife, but no arms. The head men, or chiefs of the villages, wore broad-brimmed hats, made of either straw or feathers. The common people sometimes cut their hair close, but oftener wear it long with a pig-tail, and go uncovered. They are excessively fond of tea, and smoke incessantly, using iron pipes, with stems about a foot long, and small bowls.

Many of the villages are placed on isolated eminences, and being built house

over house, with their temple on the highest point in the midst, have from a distance much the appearance of forts. Near all the villages, piles of stones are to be seen, about six feet wide by four high, and covered with rude carvings. I could not learn more than that they were connected with the forms of their religion.

The chiefs are rich in flocks and herds, and all rode capital ponies. Their own people treated them with great respect, and both chiefs and people seemed inclined to have been friendly towards us, if they had dared. We however ascertained that there was another route to Polinsundra, besides that through the village; making no remark upon this piece of intelligence, we took leave of our Tartar friends, who, somewhat troubled in mind, were sitting in a circle, with the civil intimation that they had told us a lie, and deceived us about the provisions.

We halted for the night about six miles from Tangee, and broke up the party into

two divisions, placing one, with half the coolies, sheep, tents, &c., under the charge of Gholab, my bhistee, to return by the same pass by which we had come down, and then by the Buspa pass to Derallee, there to await our arrival; the other party were to go over the hill to Polinsundra, with Wilson and myself. Next morning we set forth upon our separate routes; we had no difficulty in finding our road; but when at a very considerable elevation, were obliged to halt at a spot where we had neither wood nor shelter.

We were lucky enough this day to see a white leopard, which galloped across the open. He may be considered as fortunate indeed, who during months of shooting on the snowy ranges, gets even a sight of the "burrell-hag," or white leopard. During several years, the summer and autumnal months of which Wilson spent chiefly in the higher regions, where it is found, he only met with it three or four times, and succeeded in killing but one, and that a

half-grown cub. This is the only one I ever saw, although I have seen their fresh-made tracks day after day.

As it roams about apparently as much by day as by night, it is surprising and unaccountable how it evades observation; the more so as its principal resorts are above the limits of forest, where is little or no cover, one would imagine, sufficient to conceal it from sight. Even the shepherds who pass the whole of the summer months, year after year, in the regions it inhabits, but seldom see one; except when their flocks are attacked by night, which the white leopard occasionally does to some purpose. Everywhere their traces are to be found, often as if the animal had passed only a short time previously, but it is, as it were, invisible. I think this variety is most common on the northern slopes of the Himalayas, where the hills descend from the snow to the valley of the Sutlej.

On the morning of the 13th August we went on towards Polinsundra, and to our

no small surprise, upon arriving in the strath at the foot of the mountain we had just descended, we found the whole of our quondam friends of three days ago squatted in a circle, exactly as we had left them at Tangee. We went up to them at once, and demanded "what they meant by following us in this manner?" They then became very civil, and replied, that "they had only come to look after their cattle;" but at the same time begged we would leave their country. This we said we would do, but that we should go by Polinsundra, to which they now gave their assent, knowing they could not help it; also being well aware, which we were not, that some hundreds of the Gangoutrie villagers were then there. They come up once or twice a year to exchange salt for flour; and on arriving at Polinsundra we found not only them, but our letters and provisions in charge of old Jye Sing, who had been detached by us from Chithool.

We shot from hence down to Melang, and so on to Derallee, where we arrived on the

25th; Gholab came in with his party the following day, during a heavy fall of rain, having had a toilsome, indeed a dangerous, march, for a coolie and five sheep were nearly lost in a "lye" (a deep cleft in the snow); four of the sheep were got out, and the coolie's life was only saved by his having a tent pole on his shoulder. He brought in with him a little Thibet puppy which he had found in one of the passes; it was barely alive when discovered, but was now strong and well. I took it home with me to Jullunder, it grew to be very handsome, and then died.

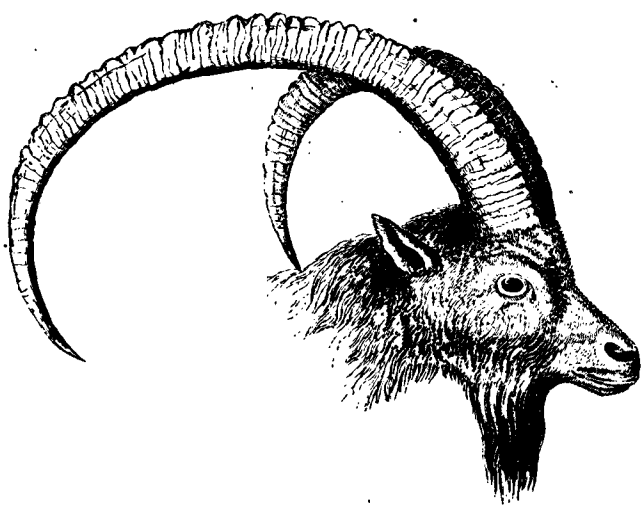
On the 28th we started for Gangoutrie and shot thereabouts for three days; our sport was not very good, we only got two old male burrell and a bear. The district seemed almost denuded of game; where the animals had all gone to, we could not make out; they must have got very wild, indeed they soon become so when shot at. From the neighbourhood of the glacier, we went down to the Temple, and met with a

sad accident. The day we arrived, one of our coolies, in trying to cross a small stream at the spot where we were making a new bridge,* slipped and caught hold of a pole which had served as a hand-rail to the old bridge; there was nothing to hold it in its place, and away the poor fellow went, swept off in an instant. He was seen once,—in the next moment he was in the Ganges and drowned. These small streams, the feeders of the Sacred River, are excessively dangerous; they become towards evening fearful rapids, from the melting of the snow above, and I have often seen a stream, that might have been crossed in the morning without wetting the feet, so full in the evening, that we were forced to bridge it. This cast a sad damp over the whole party.

We halted the next day and Sunday, and sent Jye Sing upon an exploring expedition to the Kedar valley; we hunted some ground near us, where the burrell were wild

* A bridge consists of one or two poles for the road-way, and sometimes, as a luxury, a hand-rail.

and high up among the glaciers, and did but little, getting only one old male. Jye Sing returned with two smaller ones, but his report of the game was not sufficiently favourable to induce us to visit the Kedar valley.



MALE IBEX.

CHAPTER VIII.

Incessant rain.—Jalah.—Festival of the harvest home.—The Deptha, or Ark.—Fairies.—How propitiated by the Puharries.—Continued wet weather.—The wild dog.—Breeding-place.—Succeed in snaring four puppies.—Their voracity.—Easily domesticated.—How the young are brought up and fed.—Wonderful instinct of the wild dog.—Scarcity of supplies.—Himalayan pheasants.—The Argus pheasant.—Its excessive shyness and cunning.—The Kalleege, Cheer, Cocklass, and Moonall.—Pugnacity of the Kalleege.—Pheasant-shooting.—Extraordinary fall of an old tahir.—The serow.—Defends itself when brought to bay.—Its strength and tenacity of life.—Wilson's struggle with a serow.—Leave the hills and return to Jullunder.

DURING the next week the rain fell incessantly, the mountains were enveloped in clouds, which, rolling in dense masses along the hill sides, hid snow, rocks, grassy slopes, and valleys alike from view. We persevered, and went up to the shooting-ground every morning, but could do nothing; the rain was so continuous, and the mist so thick, that, conquered at last, we went down to Jalah, arriving in time

for a grand feast to be held on the 14th August.

Upon this occasion the deptha, or ark, is brought forth with much solemnity, and the people decked out with flowers and ears of corn dance around it. The deptha and the attendant ceremonies, from all that I heard and witnessed, reminded me of the ark of the Jewish nation. In it the Deity is supposed to dwell, and it is kept with all reverence under the charge of the priests or Brahmins, in the temple of the village or villages to which it belongs. Once a year, upon the occasion which I mention, it is brought forth, and carried round the village with the people dancing before it. This ark belonged not only to Jalah, but to Sookee, a neighbouring village; it was a sort of wooden coffer, covered with a cloth; but unwilling to satisfy mere curiosity at the expense of offending perhaps their religious prejudices, I did not attempt to uncover or examine it closely.

The entire ceremony somewhat resembled

our "harvest home," and thanks are returned to the fairies for the safe gathering in of the crops. Much eating, drinking, and dancing goes on, but the feast is brought to a close at an early hour, without either licentiousness or excess. I am told that the Puharries occasionally get drunk, but no case ever came under my own observation.

I have used the term fairies, for there is no appellation that comes nearer the mark than our own familiar name, in describing the inferior order of supernatural beings in whom the Puharries believe. Sickness and health, good fortune and bad, accidents and successes, are all ascribed to their influence, and many are the sacrifices performed to propitiate them. Sheep and goats are the usual offerings, but on one of my trips I missed a magnificent walnut-tree, probably the finest in the Himalayas,—it had been cut down, since my last visit, in order to propitiate the fairies, to whose malign influence sickness, which had prevailed for

some time in the neighbourhood, was attributed.

From hence we went down to Bengallee, where it rained as determinately as it had done higher up the valley; had we been content to have remained on the lower ground and shot gooral, we might have had some good sport; but we would ascend the mountains after tahir, and were fairly beat by the mist.

I have not yet mentioned the wild dog of the Himalayas, which, although it cannot be classed as game, and is no fit mark for a hunter's rifle, is yet as great an object of interest, as the surly bear or the sure-footed ibex. Undoubtedly the true wild dog; it is much to be regretted that so little is known concerning them: their habits render it difficult, indeed almost impossible, to make close observations. Inhabiting no particular district, they are to be found generally throughout the hills, living in communities. and the individuals of a pack acting together in concert.

One of their favourite breeding-places was discovered, a few years ago, by Wilson, up the Gangoutrie valley, not far from the scene of his night adventure with the tigress. The spot the dogs had chosen was near the crest of a ridge, in a steep and rocky part of the oak forest, where the ground was full of holes and caverns. "My shikaree," relates Wilson, "happening to pass by, killed and brought home two of them, a male and female. The teats of the latter being full of milk, it was evident she had but lately pupped, and I determined to have a hunt for the young ones. The shikaree said he had done his best to find them, but there were so many different holes, all of which bore unmistakeable traces of being tenanted, that it was impossible he could tell in which they were; whilst the distance these caverns ran beneath the ground, which was nothing but a half-buried mass of broken rocks, would render the digging them out a most herculean task, even if at all practicable.

"Confident, however, that a little perse-

verance would ensure success, I set out next morning to visit the abode of the wild dogs, but our first visit was not attended with any successful result; only one dog made its appearance, on the top of a rock some distance above, and that but for a moment, disappearing almost instantaneously. Within a circumference of several hundred yards, beneath almost every mass of broken rock, was an outlet to some cavern, and all appeared to be, or lately to have been, occupied by the animals; whilst well-trodden paths, crossing from one to another, made it apparent they were either visited in turn, or inhabited indiscriminately. Broken pieces of bone, and the hair or fur of various animals, amongst which that of the musk-deer was most conspicuous, were strewed about; but the only thing that seemed to point out a cavern in which were young ones, was that, from the mouth of one of the largest, a narrow track led to a spot ten or twelve yards distant, where a portion of the skin and bones of a gooral were laid,

It struck me that this gooral had been brought for the young ones, and the track formed by their passing for several days backwards and forwards to it. However the track, as well as a little space round the entrance to the hole, was trodden down so firm and hard, as to bear no trace of any footprint, which might have confirmed the conjecture. The only thing we could do, was to strew some fine earth about the entrances of all the most likely-looking places before leaving the spot.

Next morning, provided with everything requisite to pass two or three days on the ground, and a crowbar to dig out the pups; we arrived just in time to see two of the dogs bring down and kill a gooral close by, which they instantly abandoned, upon catching a glimpse of our party. Our plan of the preceding day had failed; for although one or two places where we had strewed the earth, bore the marks of full-grown animals, yet not one tiny footprint could we find.

The day passed without any further discovery, but the following morning, stealing noiselessly about the spot, I had the satisfaction of seeing two of the little pups in front of one of the smaller holes, which we had scarcely noticed, and into which they ran as soon as they perceived me. The crowbar was set to work, but after half-a-day's incessant labour, we found that to dig them out was impossible, large masses of rock obstructing our progress; whilst a stick some yards in length, thrust up the hole without reaching the end, gave us no idea how far the cavern extended. After some consultation as to what steps should now be taken, we resolved to set a snare in the opening we had formed, and wait patiently until the little inmates came out of their own accord, first ascertaining that there was no other outlet. This done, a man was concealed near at hand to watch; but probably frightened at our digging, the remainder of that day, and the night passed away without their coming forth. One of

the men now suggested placing something in front of the hole as a bait; I shot a moonall pheasant for that purpose, and whether or not tempted by this, one of the little pups soon afterwards came out, and was caught in the snare. We speedily released it, and carried it to our bivouac; but some hours passed away without another following. I then removed the moonall, and tied the one we had caught in its place; its cries soon brought out a second, which was also caught in the snare, and two others followed almost as fast as we could release them.

They were apparently about three weeks or a month old, and readily eat flesh of any kind. The four were taken to our huts, and soon became quite tame and familiar, but from after experience, I found that they are domesticated far more readily when kept separate. They are the most voracious little things I ever saw, and when a little older, the quantity of flesh they would devour was perfectly astonishing. The tearing furious

haste with which they eat, and the tenacity with which they cling to anything after once getting hold, are remarkable features.

Another puppy that I captured upon a subsequent occasion, and which would follow at my heels like any civilised dog, passing a flock of sheep, when not bigger than a small Blenheim spaniel, ran at one of the largest, seized it by the belly, and was dragged for half a mile through the fields without letting go its hold. It grew as tame as any wild animal could possibly become, accompanied me always when journeying from place to place, and would come instantly when called. It would not allow itself to be touched when feeding, but at all other times was playful, and very fond of being caressed. I had some difficulty in getting it to eat anything but flesh, but perseverance effected this, and I sometimes fed it for a week together upon cakes or rice. I had not an opportunity of tracing the development of its character, for when

about six months old, it caught the distemper from the village dogs and died.

From observations I made upon this occasion, and the year following, when the wild dogs again bred near the same place, I am led to believe that the females always pup where many are collected together, and remain in their vicinity until the young ones are able to follow them in their wandering life. This is further confirmed by the testimony of the villagers, who have occasionally found their breeding-places under almost similar circumstances.

Where their holes are numerous, and at no great distance from each other, they would appear to take their pups from one to another, almost as soon as they can run, probably to be a little nearer some animal they may have killed. It would also appear that at this time they hunt animals purposely for their young, and unable to carry a heavy carcase any distance, over such rough ground, they perseveringly hunt it from place to place, till they force it to the spot where

their young are deposited, before they kill it. If this supposition be correct—and from the various animals that had been killed about the caverns from which I got the pups, some of them in a great measure almost foreign to the spot, I have every reason to believe that it is so,—what an interesting sight it would be, could we watch the pack bringing an animal from some place, perhaps miles away, and witness the various manœuvres by which they would force it to some particular spot; how far surpassing anything we can conceive of a pack of dogs merely running down and killing an animal wherever they first succeed in bringing it to bay.

There is little doubt, but that the wild dog may be completely domesticated; and with the instinctive power implanted in it by the Creator, is it going beyond the bounds of probability to suppose that they might be taught to hunt animals in the same manner to one particular spot, at the pleasure of their master?

Keeping on the left bank of the river, we shot on our way downwards, and would have had some very tolerable sport had we only been able to see, which was but rarely the case. Nevertheless we enjoyed ourselves in spite of the weather, and got a few tahir, and some pheasants for the pot, which, owing to our supplies from Missoorie being behind time, was but meagrely supplied. I never saw more pheasants in any preserve at home than I have done in these forests. There are many varieties; amongst which the kalleege, or black pheasant, the cheer, the cocklass, and, in the higher regions, the moonall, are those most frequently met with.

From the rarity and solitary habits of the Argus pheasant, but few sportsmen who visit the hills ever meet with it; though of necessity, when on their way to the snow, passing through the districts it inhabits. Where its haunts are often visited by the sportsman or the villagers, and if such visits are of frequent occurrence and continuous, it becomes

excessively shy and wary, so much so, that it is impossible to conceive a bird more shy or cunning.

A lot when once found in any part of the forest, may to a certainty be met with again daily near the same spot, or in the immediate vicinity; but each day they will become more shy and wary, and after being disturbed once or twice on the same ground, it will be no easy matter to get a shot, although many birds may be found. Several will keep in the trees altogether, which near their haunts, are almost all evergreens of the densest foliage, and one will now and then fly off close above the sportman's head, but so suddenly and rapidly, as to leave little chance of getting a shot. All will be scattered singly about the wood, and as soon as aware of his presence, without waiting for his approach, will conceal themselves so artfully as to leave but a mere possibility of his ever finding them. Even if the particular tree, into which one has been seen to fly is immediately approached,

he may stand for an hour under it and examine almost every leaf and branch without being able to discover the bird, and should he succeed in doing so, he will even then often be disappointed in getting a shot; as they seem to keep their eye fixed on their pursuer's movements, and to be aware of the very moment they are discovered, darting off before he can put the gun to his shoulder; in fact, I doubt whether Argus himself, with his hundred eyes, ever kept so good a look out as his namesakes in the Himalayas do with their two.

The plumage of the Argus and other pheasants I have mentioned, is so well known, from the numerous specimens in every collection at home, both public and private, that it is needless to describe it.

The habits of the kalleege, cheer, cocklass, and moonall, do not call for any particular notice; except, perhaps, the pugnacity of the kalleege, the males seldom meeting without a desperate encounter. On one occasion, Wilson had shot a male bird, which lay

fluttering on the ground in its death struggles, when another rushed out of the jungle and attacked the dying bird with the utmost fury, although Wilson was standing reloading his gun close by. The male often makes a singular drumming noise with his wings, not unlike the sound produced by shaking a stiff piece of cloth in the air. It is heard only in the pairing season, and either attracts the attention of the females, or serves as a defiance to his fellows. In this, it resembles the birch-partridge of America.

To ensure good pheasant-shooting, the sportsman should make himself acquainted with the ground resorted to by each species at the different seasons of the year, and as a general rule dogs are preferable to beaters; for birds, when flushed by the latter, are apt to take long flights and go off out of all reach, whilst they will often when moved by the former, fly into trees above the dogs, and suffer themselves to be closely approached; seeming to pay more attention to their movements, than to the presence of the sportsman.

The shooting, however, appears so tame when compared with the pursuit of larger game; that in spite of the brilliant plumage and beauty of the Himalayan pheasants, the rarity of some of the species, and their delicacy and flavour when placed on the table, but few are killed by those who make shooting excursions in the hills; save when they fall in their way, and not always then.

We also bagged on our way down a fine old bear, a black fellow; and I witnessed one of the most extraordinary. feats performed by an old tahir, that I, or any other man, ever beheld. I shot him when about eighty yards overhead, upon a ledge of rocks, he fell perpendicularly that distance, without touching the ground, or the sides of the precipice, rebounded, and fell again about fifteen yards further down. I thought he was knocked to atoms,—but up he got, and went off, and although we tracked him by his blood to a considerable distance, we were after all unable to find him.

On the road by Palang to Benara, we saw numerous gerow tracks, but only got a running shot at a female. The last day I shot a serow, the first I had killed. They are something between a jackass and a tahir in appearance, and about the size of the former. The hair or fur is coarse and rough, blackish on the upper parts, reddish on the sides, and inclining to white below; along the back of the neck, and to between the shoulders, it is long, and gives the animal the appearance of a mane. The legs rather long and stout. Strongly made about the neck, with rather a large head furnished with horns, of from ten to fourteen inches in length, about four inches in circumference at the base, round, winged about halfway up, and tapering to a sharp point, they curve backwards, lying almost close to the neck. Although widely spread throughout the hills, the serow is by far the least numerous of any animals of the same class, and is principally found in thickly wooded ravines, and forests where the ground is steep and rocky. It is rather a stupid

animal, with a clumsy ungainly gait. The flesh is coarse, and not held in much esteem, even by the Puharries.

The serow, is one of the few animals which ever escape from wild dogs, when once hunted by them. When brought to bay, it often transfixes several with its sharp and formidable horns, before being pulled down; and when its pursuers are few in number, killing or maiming some, and showing a bold front to the others, occasionally managing to keep them off, till they give over the pursuit. This however, can only be, when the serow stands to bay, in some corner where they cannot attack him in the rear, or many of them seize him at once. Three or four wild dogs have been found lying dead, where a pack has hunted down a serow; and others found killed, without any trace left of the hunted animal having shared the same fate. When pursued by the villagers, their dogs are often served in the same manner, if they attempt to pull it down, before any of the men get up. The serow, when close pressed, takes up

a position, where he cannot be approached from behind, and the dogs keep him at bay, until the arrival of the hunters. It requires several very good dogs, to hold down so strong and powerful an animal, and instances are known, of two or more dogs, having been dragged over a precipice, and with the serow, being found dead at the bottom.

It is tenacious of life, and will often carry away several bullets, if not planted in the most vital parts. When wounded, it is rather a dangerous animal to approach and handle, as it can use its sharp horns with great adroitness. The first one shot by Wilson, after his arrival in the hills, was very nearly furnishing an unpleasant proof of this.

He relates: "I was out shooting pheasants with a double gun, one barrel of which I generally kept loaded with ball. Returning towards home, the only man I had with me having several moonalls to carry, went direct through the forest, whilst I made a slight détour along a hill-side above; I suddenly came upon a serow, standing upon a jutting

piece of rock, and on firing, he jumped down into a clump of bushes below. Making no further movement I concluded he was killed, but on walking softly up to the bush, found him standing in the midst, as if unhurt. My stock of balls having been left in the bag with the man, I could not reload with one, but placing the muzzle of my gun, within a yard of his shoulder, fired a charge of No. 4 shot into him, fully expecting to see him drop like a stone; but he merely gave a snort, and dashed down the hill. Calling back my man, I reloaded with ball and went in pursuit. We soon found our friend lying, to all appearance, dead, and I put down my gun to examine him; but on taking hold of his horns, to my utter astonishment, up he jumped. The man immediately laid hold of his hind legs, whilst I kept firm hold of his horns. In my belt I had a long hunting-knife, and the gun was lying close by, but before I could think of what to do, the serow freed himself from our grasp, and in the struggle his horns were driven through the breast of my jacket, and

had it been made of a strong material, I should have been dragged down the hill with him. Fortunately for me it tore open, and we were both left sprawling on mother earth. Gathering ourselves up, we went again in pursuit, and finished the resuscitated serow, without again trying close quarters. On skinning him, I found the charge of shot had only just penetrated the hide, and was laid in a cake between it and the flesh. I thought nothing of this adventure at the time, but since then, now that I know the animal better, I have often thought, I was very fortunate, in not having his horns some inches in my body."

My last shot this year in the hills had been fired; Wilson went down with me as far as Phaidee; I walked on to Missoorie; took dâk, accompanied by Gholab, and old Dash, to Loodianah; there I found my horse awaiting me, and cantered into Jullunder on the evening of the 15th October; after having spent six of the most delightful months, I ever passed in any part

of the world, amidst scenery which no pen can adequately describe, and therefore mine shall not attempt it.



TAHIR.

CHAPTER IX.

Long to revisit the hills.—Sir C. Napier's order.—A dâk trip in quest of leave of absence.—Jewala Mookee.—Sacred flame and temple.—Hindoo legend.—Kote Kangra.—The fort.—Manufacture of noses.—Start for the hills.—Our reception by old friends.—Puharrie dancing.—The effect of the sun's rays.—Dandy.—Shooting at Jacka.—The Rupin pass.—Snow-storm.—Emigrant Tartars.—Bûspa valley.—Pleasant meeting.—Asrung valley.—My first ibex.—How the flock was alarmed.—Cold encampment.—Campbell's success.—Ibex shooting.—Dangerous walking.—Torches.—The Cheel pine.—An additional walk.—The Pongee glacier.—Manerung pass.—Illness of our men.—A mustard plaister.—Tartar villagers.—Spitee.—Magnificent glacier.—Lahoul.—Joined by a friend.—Getting an ibex out of a lye.—Rotunka pass.—Kooloo.—Our best day's sport amongst the ibex.—The party break up.—Difficult journey.—Floods.—Bridge carried away.—Bit by a reptile.—Return by Kote Kangra to Jullunder.—Himalayan scenery.—Wilson's reminiscences.

JULLUNDER, March, 1850. — The cold weather being nearly over, the sun too hot for cricket, and no more shooting to be had in the plains, it became time to consider what could be done in the hills. The very sight of the horns and skins displayed upon the walls, gave me an irrepressible longing

for the scenes from whence they had been brought.

There was however a difficulty. A stringent order, relative to leave of absence during the approaching summer months, had been issued by Sir Charles Napier, which frightened all brigadiers out of their senses, and none of them would forward applications for leave; not even our little brigadier at Jullunder, at which I was somewhat surprised. However, he said, "I have no objection to your going and asking for yourself, whenever the Commander-in-Chief comes here, or is within reach." Accordingly, as soon as I heard that Sir Charles Napier's camp was at Kote Kangra, I lost no time, but set forth for headquarters.

I had rather an amusing dâk up, for the bearers had been laid by mistake on the wrong road, and, after the first stage, I had to fish for myself. This ended in abandoning my palanquin, and travelling onwards in a most undignified style, tramping along the

sandy road, followed by a couple of vagabond-looking coolies, one carrying my petarah, and the other a blanket. Thus attended, I entered Jewala Mookee; where, in spite of the unusual style of my travelling, the kotewal provided me with bearers, and lashing together two bamboos and a native bedstead, I soon rigged out an extemporary palki.

Jewala Mookee requires a passing notice. Deriving its name of "The Flame's Mouth" from a continuous stream of inflammable gas, which oozes from a sandstone rock; the spot is held in extraordinary veneration, and is a favourite place of pilgrimages, as well as the residence, of a horde of scoundrelly Fakirs and Brahmin priests, who prey upon the numerous pilgrims and devotees who bring their offerings to the "Flame-faced goddess." The temple, built against the side of the rock from which the fire issues, is of small size, and in no way remarkable except for its roof, which is richly gilt, and for the filthy stench which

arises from the ghee, expended in offerings, being consumed in the sacred flame. The combination of this smell, with the odour arising from the steaming crowd of priests and mendicants, and the dirty state of the approaches to the shrine, render a speedy retreat advisable as soon as curiosity is satisfied.

The Hindoo legend is, that Siva, finding the fire in which Sati, his wife, had burned herself, was likely to destroy the world, buried it in the bowels of the mountain, from which it strives to escape through the accidental fissures in its sides. This act of Sati's, was the root, from whence sprung the dreadful practice, of Hindoo widows burning on their husbands' funeral piles.

I slept as soundly all night in my improvised conveyance, as in an orthodox palanquin, and awoke at six A.M., as I was being carried into Kote Kangra. Sir Charles Napier asked me to breakfast, was excessively kind, and gave me all the leave I wished for, both for myself, and others. To

add to my good fortune, an old friend, Sir Edward Campbell, one of his Aides-de-Camp, volunteered to accompany me, and also obtained leave.

That day, and the greater part of the next, were agreeably spent with Major Herbert, the defender of Attock. I visited the fort, which, built upon a table land of rock, is isolated by deep ravines, and might be rendered almost impregnable. Kote Kangra also enjoys a wide-spread celebrity, of rather a singular nature, throughout the East; it is famed for its manufacture of noses, and is resorted to by all whom the executioner, accident, or disease may have deprived of that ornamental feature. The method was discovered by a famous surgeon, upon whom one of the Emperors had bestowed Kote Kangra as a jagheer, and the secret whereby the new nose is taken and formed from the skin of the forehead, has been handed down from generation to generation, to the present practitioners. Although the noses are made to order, I believe that they cannot be made

to pattern, and are not very becoming; but any nose is better than none.

Everything being satisfactorily settled, I returned in great glee to Jullunder; and having written to Wilson that all was right, made preparations for another campaign in the hills.

On the 25th of April, I set out for Umballa, where I met Edward Campbell by appointment, and we hastened on to Missoorie, where we found Wilson, and leaving the same day that we arrived, went forward and encamped at Phaidee. From thence, we reached the Jumna, by turning to our left at Durasso; and our main object this year being the ibex, we lost no time in making our way to the Asrung valley.

We shot two days in the valley of the Jumna, and killed a black bear, and several tahir and gooral.

The morning before we reached the last village in this valley, Campbell went on with the men to our encamping ground, and Wilson and myself started up the mountain-

side to look for tahir, musk-deer, or anything we might chance to meet. We fell in with a flock of tahir, and killed one; but a very severe snow-storm coming on, we had to take shelter in a cave, where we breakfasted, and then made our retreat down towards camp. The day cleared up; bright sunshine and all the glorious beauty of a spring day succeeded the cold and snow. Rhododendrons were in full blossom on each side of the mountain-path, which we had been fortunate enough to find; at first the blossoms were nearly white, but as we descended they improved in beauty, growing darker in colour as we got lower down. No garden, I ever saw, surpassed the loveliness of that scene.

Our arrival in camp had been most anxiously expected by the villagers, for from this village many of our men had come, and several who had accompanied us in our former trips, lived here. They had ornamented our camp with rhododendron boughs in full blossom; and we found Edward

Campbell sitting in state in the midst of them.

I must say, that I was very much pleased and gratified with our reception, as it proved that our people did appreciate our endeavours, on all occasions, to treat them with kindness. They were always encouraged to come and warm themselves at our fire, dry their clothes, and talk over the events of the day, and on moonlight nights would treat us to a dance, which they perform locked arm-in-arm in two lines facing each other, advancing and retiring a couple of yards, bowing and curtseying, and singing the same verse of a song over and over again, until they are all tired.

We crossed over into Borasso, where we fell in with an officer from Simla, who told us, that he had not been very successful. From Borasso, we had intended crossing by a lofty and difficult pass into the Buspa valley, and descending upon Cheitool; but the villagers gave such an account of the dangerous state of the pass, from the deep

snow, that our men did not like to face it; so we agreed to take a lower one, which would bring us down upon Sangla.

Traversing the forest, we killed two bears, one black, and the other a magnificent specimen from the snow; and in four days arrived at the foot of the pass, reaching our last halting-place in a snow-storm. Campbell's leg had been scorched by the sun some days ago, and had now become so inflamed and painful, that he was unable to walk, and had to be carried in a dandy.* We had a habit of laying ourselves out to dry after breakfast, and I having as usual tucked up my trowsers, my friend Edward imitated a bad example, but his legs were not sun proof, as mine were, from constant exposure. Next morning the snow was deep, the tents frozen stiff, and the men

* A dandy is made by tying a blanket tight by both ends to a long pole. The individual to be carried, then shoves his legs between the pole and the blanket, which is pulled up behind to support the back, and with his legs dangling down, away he goes over all sorts of ground, at the rate of at least five miles an hour, carried by four men, and accompanied by four others as a relief.

suffering much from the intense cold. Notwithstanding, we made the attempt the following day, but finding it impossible to carry the dandy over the pass, decided upon going down to Musuri, and crossing by the beaten tracks of the Rupin pass. Wilson and I killed three burrell during the morning, and found the camp all ready to move, when we came in.

May 16th.—Crossed into Musuri, and on the 18th arrived at Jacka, the last village on this side. When questioned, the villagers declared that there was no shooting to be had in their neighbourhood; but, determined to judge for ourselves, we went up the hill with a villager in tow, as a guide. We found a great number of musk-deer tracks, and saw several. I knocked over an old bear, as he stood on the top of a rock reconnoitring, and he rolled over and over down hill, until brought up by a tree, apparently dead ; but, bad luck to him, just as we had made sure of his skin, he regained his legs, and crawling up to the top, was soon out of sight. It was too

late to follow him up, and next morning we sent after him, without success. One of our men, who had been cruising wide of us, to examine the country, had seen three fine old tahir. So upon the ground, where the villagers assured us there was no game, we had seen tahir, musk-deer, and a bear!

Next day being Sunday, we halted. On the 20th, we looked over the ground up to the foot of the pass; saw three burrell only, and a musk-deer, which latter managed to escape us; our men brought in two.

Crossed the Rupin pass on the 21st during a violent snow-storm, and several men were taken ill. Our guide wished us to halt, but we urged the men onwards, and Wilson and I went back with the brandy bottle; meeting two of the laggers behind, they reported a man seriously ill some distance to the rear, and two others helping him on. As soon as we met them, the sufferer was dosed with brandy, which seemingly was of no avail, so we returned to camp, and sent out more hands, to assist in bringing him in;

when he arrived, thirty drops of laudanum, a never-failing remedy, was administered, and he was all right next morning. The snow-storm cleared away, we made ourselves comfortable, and congratulated each other in having continued our march, instead of halting at the spot, where our guide had wished us to encamp.

Snow next day in the Buspa valley; but we passed Sangla, and halted at Ragchum, where there were plenty of large rocks and shelter for the men. On the 23rd we passed Cheitool, and picked out the best spot we could find for our camp, as it rained and snowed hard; in spite of the weather, we shot a couple of burrell on the way up. When we were about three miles above Cheitool, we met the whole of our quondam acquaintances, the inhabitants of the Tartar village of Tangee, where we had been stopped the previous year. Our men wanted to frighten them, but we would not allow it. They appeared very much tired and done up; they told us that they had had some

quarrel with their chiefs, and had been obliged to run away; that they had been four days in the pass, where the snow was very deep, and advised us strongly not to proceed. They were on their way to Cheitool, where they were sure of an hospitable reception. Their lama or priest was with them; he looked so cold and miserable, poor fellow, that I should not have recognised him, except by the red gown which he wore, and which this year looked sadly the worse for wear.

Three more burrell, and an old bear, were bagged during the next three days, and on the 27th we killed a she-bear and caught her cubs; one was lost on our road down to Sangla, but the other two followed us throughout the trip, and were taken by Sir E. Campbell to Simla, where I saw them afterwards, by that time grown great beauties; and destined, if they live, for the Zoological Gardens.

We had tolerable sport descending the valley. One day, we had a pleasant meeting

with two French gentlemen, who had followed in our wake. They appeared very nice fellows, and had a delicious-looking leg of mutton, done to a turn, and quite ready, which they asked us to share,—they little knew us, either of us could have eaten two, —but being still three miles from our encamping ground, we declined. They breakfasted with us next morning, and we gave them a sample of our hill fare, to which they did ample justice. Continuing our route, and leaving the ground clear for our French friends, we crossed the Sutlej, and on the 2nd of June reached the Asrung valley.

Here we are at last, on the ibex ground, having moved up the valley the following morning, and on this day, I killed my first ibex. We had with us this year, that invaluable man Ossaroo, who having an eye better even than a telescope, we always kept upon the look-out. We had not expected to see any ibex, until a high mountain ridge, which divides the valley in half had been crossed;

but upon approaching it, we perceived Ossaroo stop and signal to us that he had found. Particularly anxious not to fail in this our first chance, we took great pains to avoid being seen. Campbell remained where he was, in case we should drive them in that direction; Wilson and myself tried the stalk, making a circuit of four or five miles. We had just reached the spot from whence we felt sure of obtaining a good shot, when we saw the whole flock moving quietly off below us, the rear brought up by a fine old male. It was a very long shot, but I fired four barrels at him, hitting him with the last. He came back and lay down, but discovering us, rose up, and went off out of sight. We had a long hunt after him for some time in vain, and I came to the conclusion that he must be in a large ravine, which we had not as yet, thoroughly examined. Ossaroo was sent to the bottom to work his way upwards, Wilson mounted as high as was practicable, and I went across the rocks. I had just passed a very difficult and rather dangerous place,

where the old Puharrie, who was carrying my rifle behind me, narrowly escaped going over the precipice, when I suddenly espied the object of my search laying under a rock. Snatching my rifle out of the old man's hand, I shot the ibex dead. He made but one stagger; we tried to reach the spot to prevent him going over the rocks, but in vain,—down he went, rolling over and over, carrying rocks and loose stones with him. Ossaroo nearly a mile below; and Wilson looking on from a rock as far above, shouting out, "Oh! he will be spoilt, he will be knocked to atoms," meaning the skin and horns. The scene altogether was capital, and was brought to an end by the dead ibex stopping in its course close to Ossaroo, whose sounding ribs (it was before breakfast), intercepted one of the loosened stones, which left him for a time, with only a little more breath in his body than there was in the ibex. When we got down to the bottom of the ravine we found the head and horns uninjured, but the skin was much cut by

the sharp edges of the rocks. The men were left to strip off the skin, and we returned to Campbell, not a little elated at having bagged an old male ibex.

We now discovered the cause of the flock moving off in the first instance when they were apparently undisturbed. Campbell, wanting a cheeroot to wile away the time whilst we were stalking the flock, sent a fool of a fellow who was with him to some of the men for a light; returning, he chose to make a short cut across some snow, and was at once seen by the ibex.

Much snow had fallen, and we were forced to encamp upon a bitterly cold spot very high up, where, however, there was fortunately an abundance of wood.

The next day, having fixed upon the place to which the camp was to be moved, Wilson and Campbell crossed the ridge by the regular sheep-track, which was covered with snow and nearly impassable; I took the chance of finding ibex lower down amongst the rocks above the river. I found the

walking not only very difficult but dangerous, however there were many ibex-tracks in the ravines, and upon the snow-covered grassy slopes along the river. From the tracks, there appeared to be several large flocks, with many well-grown males amongst them. We persevered all day, but did not succeed in finding a flock. We however knew that they were before us, and that there was some fine shooting-ground, beyond our new encampment.

Campbell went out alone the following day, Wilson and myself taking a separate beat together; we returned home empty-handed after a very hard day's work, and found Campbell already arrived, in high spirits, having bagged a fine old male ibex. He had found a flock of nineteen males laying asleep on a grassy flat, and getting quite close to them, fired, killing one. Up jumped all the rest, and nearly galloped over him; he was actually obliged to use his discharged rifle to turn them. Having

only a single rifle, he could not secure more than a single ibex.

The three following days I bagged an ibex on each, two males and an old female, I wounded another large male so severely that I fancied he was killed, and fired my second barrel at another. The wounded ibex came up to within thirty yards, the blood streaming from its side, but before I could reload it had gone too far. We could not follow, for the sun was going down, and the ground, difficult to traverse even in daylight, would be impracticable in the dusk.

The 9th was Sunday, and right glad were we to have a day of rest. Monday and Tuesday we changed our ground, but did not do much, getting only one ibex; we saw three patriarchs, splendid old fellows, they were too far off, and we had to risk a long shot, as there was not time for the stalk.

Wednesday. A very heavy fall of snow, which drove us home at last, after facing the storm for some hours in the vain hope of its

clearing. However the next day made us amends; I shot an ibex and a bear, the former a splendid animal, full size; I was so late, that had I not luckily sent a man back to order out torches, I should have had some trouble in regaining the camp. The torches are made from the cheel pine, which being full of turpentine, burns beautifully, and gives a capital light. We always carried a large stock about with us, when in a district where the cheel did not grow, for we often had to return home in the dark, and they were absolutely necessary, for everybody who has ever walked a mountain's side, knows how dangerous it is without daylight. Our men had orders to turn out with lights in all directions an hour before dark, if we had not come in—and on many a night, we found the advantage of this precaution. The night I have just mentioned, the walking was so dangerous, we could not have reached the tents without their aid. Another evening, I found myself with Wilson, just after dark, upon a landslip, with a roaring torrent below.

He was leading, and all at once called out that he could not proceed, neither could he return, I fortunately told him to turn upwards, which he managed to do; had he slipped or gone on, I should never have seen him again. He turned up, and we got out of the scrape, the torches meeting us just in time to be too late. This happened within half a mile of the tents.

The gum of the cheel is held in great estimation, for its healing qualities, throughout the hills.

Wilson on the 14th killed another old male, having followed the herd from eight o'clock in the morning till sunset; the ibex was shot so high upon the snow, that it was left all night where it fell. During the next week, we found that the ibex, having been so often disturbed, had left the valley, and when once they are really on the move, they go a long way.

On the Friday before we left the valley in which we had such good sport, we found a flock of ibex on the glacier, in the evening.

We took the usual plan of one waiting for the chance of the drive, whilst the other two tried the stalk. It was Campbell's turn to wait, so we made a détour, and stalking the flock carefully, got within tolerable distance. But one impertinent young male, was much in the way—he was standing on the top of a rock, on the look-out. There were some magnificent fellows close to him, but we could not raise our heads high enough to shoot, without the smaller one seeing us, so telling Wilson to look out for a chance, I fired, and knocked the youngster off his perch. Up they all jumped and went off at a gallop, Wilson missed, and I had no opportunity of firing my second barrel; but the rush of the ibex was a magnificent sight, old and young of all sizes, there could not have been fewer than two hundred in this flock. They went off, and we did not see them again as a single flock. The natives say, that when the ibex are fairly frightened, "they will go seven days and seven nights without stopping," not bad travelling even in these locomotive days!

but in truth, they do go a long way, and generally into some other valley beyond the snow, when once regularly disturbed. This same valley we had christened last year, "Bear Valley," from having at one time seen six bears together in it.

Descending to the cultivated lands, we crossed over into the Pongee valley, and having accidentally selected a fool to direct the coolies where to pitch our tents, discovered when we came to the spot dog-tired, after a wearisome blank day, that we had "four long coss" * to go up hill—however all things have an end; we at last reached the camp, and did not enjoy our supper the less for our lengthened walk. Our stupid messenger, was the same man who disturbed the ibex, when Campbell sent him for a light, and this time he not only had misdirected the coolies, but had disturbed two bears into the bargain. For these and other misde-

* A hill coss is a very indefinite distance, and varies in different districts from less than a mile to three times that distance.

meanours, he was ordered to carry a load and banished the hill side; however, when sufficiently punished, we relented, and he was afterwards reinstated.

The glacier at the head of the Pongee valley, is one of the finest I ever saw, and would well repay any traveller who may visit Simla during an Eastern tour, for the few days it would take to reach it.

Here we had but poor sport, and halted on Sunday at Lipee. Two journeys placed us a mile beyond Ropa, and a very long march up the valley followed; Campbell and Wilson brought in an ibex in the evening. Next day I shot two females, and my companions made a bad business of it, by missing a herd of fine old males; this induced us to move up near where they had been seen, but we had not the good fortune to fall in with them.

On the 1st July we crossed the Manerung pass into Spitee, and late at night reached the Tartar village of Manes; five or six of our men were very ill, and Jaunto, the cook,

had to be carried down: the old dose soon put matters to rights with all, except poor Jaunto, who was ill for some days, and was at last cured by a mustard-poultice on his stomach, which we left on by mistake for an hour instead of ten minutes; however, it had the desired effect.

The scene upon our arrival at the Tartar village, was comical enough. Campbell and myself had gone on ahead, leaving Wilson with the laudanum bottle, to help the sick. We had come on as fast as possible, to send out the villagers to help them in. Upon our arrival, we, not knowing a single word of Tartar, endeavoured to make them comprehend what we wanted. We talked and gesticulated, and they gabbled away in Tartar, trying, as we afterwards learnt, to make us understand "that they did not know the road by which we had come." The confabulation might have lasted till now, had not our interpreter arrived, with our poor cook, Jaunto, on his back, who was the greatest sufferer;

matters were then speedily put into proper train.

From the 2nd to the 7th we were traversing Spitee, walking by easy marches towards Lahoul. The scenery curious but monotonous, real hill sides, with no trees and very little or no vegetation. The days were very hot, and the dust troublesome. At first we found a few chickoor, but latterly there was nothing to shoot except blue pigeons, which however were excellent when stewed down with greens, of which we always found plenty in the villages we halted at. The natives, regular Tartars, were excessively civil and good-tempered, and gave us everything we wanted, save firewood, which is scarce. Our baggage was now carried on yaks, or Tartar pack-oxen.

On Sunday we halted at the foot of what they call the pass into Lahoul, which proved to be a very easy slope. Upon the other side we found a large river flowing first south and then westerly: we thought it was the Beeas, but it turned out to be the Chenab.

On the 8th, we halted on the Spitee side of an enormous glacier, and had to send the oxen back, as they could not cross safely. It was the most difficult and dangerous of any I had seen, and extends down to the river, which has cleared a passage for itself. The glacier is about four miles in breadth. There was no wood where we encamped; but we had brought enough for our own use, and the men contrived with a few splinters and some sheeps' dung to cook for themselves.

On the 11th we reached Koksur, on the right bank of the Chenab, where there is a good rope-bridge, by which the numerous flocks of sheep, that feed on these hills, cross to change their pasture. The shepherds informed us, that there was no game on the side we had come down (the left bank), but that wild animals were abundant on the other. The village was destitute of male inhabitants, they having gone with another party towards Ladak.

Here we had a meeting with Birtwhistle, of my regiment, who remained with me until we



Captn Sir E. F. Campbell Bar^t del.

Hullmandel & Walton, lith.

GETTING THE IBEX OUT OF THE LYE,
(LAHOUL)

got to Nelonti, and had learned how to find ibex. He was reposing his long body in our dining hut on the 12th, when Wilson and I returned home, having killed a brown-bear and an ibex; Campbell soon followed us, having shot a couple of ibex, the largest of which he had been obliged to leave behind, it having fallen into a deep lye (a crack in the ice) on the glacier. Next day, Campbell and Birtwhistle went up to get it out, whilst Wilson and I beat another valley, and had a blank day. Returning home early we waited supper until half-famished, and after a time, there being no signs of the other party, we became very uneasy, thinking that some accident must have occurred. At last, however, they arrived all safe, with the ibex, having had to spend the entire day, in recovering it from the lye.

Halted on the 14th, and recrossed the river which we had passed, to be nearer the ibex ground; we also parted with our jolly Tartars, who went home well pleased, having been with us a week, and our guide

a fortnight, he having accompanied us from Manes.

Crossing the Rotunka pass, we entered Kooloo, and at our first halting-place, fell in with an old shikaree, who promised to show us, what we fancied from his description were tahir. So next day, we moved up a valley to the north-west, and pitched the tents at a late hour in the evening, close to a glacier, where we had good ground and abundance of wood. We had just time before dark to take a stroll; I found the fresh traces of a bear, and Campbell and Wilson saw three old male ibex, but left them for the morrow, without disturbing them. We supped, in high hopes of having good sport in the morning.

Making an early start, Campbell and Wilson went to the left, where they had seen the ibex, and I with my chosen followers, Ossaroo and old Gye Sing, went to the right along a high ridge. Ere long we discovered a flock of thirteen ibex, feeding under the ridge, and after a good deal of reconnoiter-

ing, I decided to send for the other two, to occupy the spot where I now was, and that Ossaroo and myself going down, should make a circuit, so as to get the ibex between us and the ridge. When we had arrived at our position, they were to open from above, and I then should have my chance as they started off, whichever way they might go. I had left long Sam Birtwhistle with Gye Sing upon the ridge, so there were three rifles up above, and my two below. I finished my stalk, and placed myself very nicely, within two hundred yards of the flock, concealed from them, by a piece of rising ground. Wilson no sooner saw I was in my place, than they let drive from the ridge at a splendid old fellow; off rushed the flock, not knowing whither to fly; four ran right toward the ridge, and were soon polished off; about nine came in my direction, but I foolishly ran to change my place, and thus spoilt my chance; they all got clean away, although one I thought was wounded; loading again, I went off as hard

as I could after him. Crossing two ridges in pursuit, Ossaroo suddenly espied two large males feeding below us; down we ran to within gunshot; I bowled one over, and the other got off.

Leaving it at the foot of the hill whither it had rolled, I returned to the other party hungry and ready for breakfast, and found them with four other ibex, laying under the ridge; one a magnificent old male. What between eating our breakfasts, and skinning the ibex, we did not get under weigh again before 2 o'clock, and then had to go for the skin of the one I had killed, which lay two miles off.

This being done, we went up towards the glacier, which was magnificently wild and of great extent. We had not been there long, before we saw a lot of young fry, headed by an old male, coming galloping across to feed. We laid down to wait for them, all except long Sammy, who, because he stands six feet three inches, thought he did not signify. Presently the old male came in sight; I had

a good shot at his head and neck at a hundred yards, but missed; Wilson as he went off, put a ball through him: the rest turned back, and we watched them go up into the high snow and vanish. The old fellow was not to be seen, so we imagined that being severely hit, he had remained behind. The men were sent in search of him, and when found, Wilson finished him. The sun being low, and all hands hungry, we made for the tents, well satisfied, with the best day's sport we had ever had, among the ibex.

The following day we moved down to Buropa, where we arranged and packed up the heads and skins, which were to be sent into Mussoorie by our Shikarees, who now were anxious to go back, fearing the heat. They left us on the 19th of July to return by the Rotunka pass into Lahoul, and back through Spitee; they tried a new road from Spitee, into the Buspa valley, which took a fortnight longer, than the old route by the Ropa pass would have done. When they reached Cheitool, they could not get coolies

to cross the pass into Gangoutrie, and were obliged to leave the bundles of skins there, where they were afterwards found by Wilson and sent into Mussoorie.

We also set out the same day, and followed the course of the infant Beeas towards Sultanpoor or Kooloo, halting for the night, when half way, in the midst of rice-fields; the weather was hot, but not unpleasantly so.

Remaining all Sunday at Sultanpoor, we parted company the next morning; Sir Edward Campbell taking the route to Simla, and Wilson and myself that to Kote Kangra. We were anxious to cross the hills to Kangra, but could neither procure a guide, nor any information whatever as to the route. We made the attempt, and although we contrived to keep pretty high up, we did not follow the right road, for we afterwards ascertained, that we might have kept close to the snow all the way to Dhuramsala, and have crossed the ridge at that place.

As it was, we reached Nelonti with difficulty. The night before, we were to cross

a considerable river; the bridge was carried away, and so stupid were the natives, that we could scarcely succeed in finding out from them another road, where a bridge might be left standing by the flood. I never saw such a torrent, as that rolling down this river—a mass of water as black as ink, with waves on its surface, like the sea in a gale of wind. The bridge over a tributary stream, had shared the fate of those over the larger river, but by evening, it was repaired sufficiently, to enable us to cross, and encamp near the high bridge, which still remained standing.

For several days, we kept our direction as well as we could, for there was no one to be found, to point out the road, and at last crossed into the Kangra valley, where we found the villagers very uncivil: they would neither sell us provisions, nor afford us information.

We reached Kote Kangra on the 28th of July, after a very severe march from Kooloo, crossing many flooded rivers, and having been wet through for the last four or five days. I was lame, my foot being much

swollen from the bite of some reptile, and exceedingly painful, so I was glad enough to get in. Leaving Wilson in charge of Mr. Barnes and Major Herbert, the most hospitable of the hospitable, I set out next day to return to Jullunder, where I arrived with my foot in a bad state; but my old friend the doctor, and a few days' rest, soon put it to rights.

Altogether, the trip was a successful one; and a couple more months, would have made it perfect. The scenery is very fine in Koonawur and Lahoul. In Spitee there is not much, except the Tartars, to repay you for the journey. But in Kooloo, there is both scenery and sport, to reward the traveller, and no rain. Having now seen all this part of the Himalayas, I am able to decide unhesitatingly, that nowhere in these hills, is the scenery to be compared with that of the district twenty miles above the Temple at Gangoutrie.

At a later period, I received from Wilson, some pages of his Himalayan reminiscences.

Faithful to a promise made on more than one occasion, when stretched at length, after the labours of the day, on a fragrant bed of tender pine-branches, with the smoke of our cheroots curling soothingly around, he recalled some of the scenes and adventures of his mountain-life, with which to enrich my journal. I only hope they may prove of as much interest to the reader, by his fireside at home, as they were to me, when I heard them related amidst the glorious scenery, the rocky precipices, and the eternal snows of the Himalayas.



CUTTING UP THE IBEX.

CHAPTER X.

WILSON'S HIMALAYAN REMINISCENCES.

Early impressions of the Himalayas.—Bear hunting.—Recklessness.—A bear hunt in the snow.—Snug quarters.—Difference of opinion.—Bruin disturbed.—The wrong plan followed.—The pursuit.—Night closes the chase.—The tracks followed up next morning.—The cave.—Vain attempt to smoke him out.—Block up the entrance.—Reported death of the bear.—My Shikaree sent to bring him out.—His adventure at the cave.—Bruin alive.—I go myself.—The bear's den.—Foiled in my object and return empty handed.—Dirgoo's adventure.—A regular bout of fisty-cuffs with Bruin.—Dirgoo's gallantry.—Saves his companion.—Their wounds.—I visit the field of battle, and find the bear dead.

You will I daresay imagine that, during so many years of forest life, I must have met with many adventures; but when I come calmly to reflect, I can recollect few that seem to me worth relating. Possibly the charm of novelty having worn off, scenes and incidents which to others would appear as remarkable events, are to me only the common-place occurrences of everyday life; and yet, I enjoy them almost as much, as when I first became a mountaineer.

Deer of any kind, and the sheep and goat tribe, although their pursuit amidst the precipices, and across the icy chasms and eternal snows of the Himalayas, is attended with perhaps more real danger, than hunting the ferocious animals of the feline race in the plains and jungles of India, yet they are little likely to furnish narratives of much interest to the general reader. It is only to those who have been sharers in similar adventures, and who can follow in imagination every step of the narrator, that such subjects are of peculiar interest, and not a tiresome repetition.

Bear hunting, carries with it ideas of rather more exciting work, and I will try if memory can recall a few incidents connected with it, worthy of being rescued from oblivion. When first I began a hunter's life, I was so perfectly reckless, so careless of even the common precautions we should suppose a man would naturally take, that upon retrospection, I often wonder, that I was not either killed outright, or desperately

mauled in some of my first encounters with the Bruin tribe. Whether it was from sheer thoughtlessness of danger, or the joyous exuberant spirits of youth, it would be hard to say, but such was the case.

The second winter I spent in the hills, bears had been scarce and very difficult to find; and, wanting some grease to complete an order from my agents, I offered a small reward to any Puharrie, who would give information of their whereabouts.

One morning, after a rather severe fall of snow, a villager came to tell me that he had seen the fresh footprints of a bear, and it was certain that if we chose to persevere we should easily track him to his lair. I set out immediately, taking with me a single rifle and a double gun. I was accompanied by the villager who had brought the intelligence, and two of my own men. About eleven o'clock we reached the spot designated by the villager, and there, sure enough, were the footprints in the newly fallen snow, which was about a foot deep.

Hard work we found it following the track, toiling up a steep hill side covered with large forest trees, and an almost impervious underwood, on which the snow was lying nearly as deep as on the ground. After several hours of this trying walk, during which we may have perhaps got over a couple of miles, the track led us to the foot of a hollow tree, in which it was evident that the bear was quietly ensconced. Had it not been proved by the footprints beyond a doubt, I could never have believed that the animal could by any possibility have got into the hollow trunk through the only hole we could see, which was close to the ground, and to all appearance not half large enough for the entrance of an animal of that size; but there could be no doubting the fact, that there he was.

The hole was closed with grass and leaves, and we could neither hear nor see anything of the occupant of this snug dormitory. One of the men carried a hatchet in his belt, and I wanted him to

lend it to me, in order that I might stand close to the hole and dash the bear's brains out as he emerged; but apprehensive of some imaginary danger the man would not listen to this for a moment, and persuaded me to stand a few yards in front of the tree with the rifle, the man with the double gun (he could shoot a little) being posted close by as a reserve. A few snow-balls, thrown at the grass which stopped up the hole, soon roused Bruin, and after a few loud grunts, as if astonished at being woke up from his comfortable nap, and so unceremoniously disturbed, he poked out his head. I fired, having aimed, as I thought, right at his forehead, and one would imagine that it was scarcely possible to miss so fair a shot at the distance of a few paces; the man with the double gun also let fly both barrels, but it only appeared to awake the brute to the real state of affairs. In a moment he wriggled his body out of the hole, and with a loud roar rose on his hind legs, and was in the act of dashing

upon us, when, suddenly wheeling, he darted off into the forest.

Down I sat on the snow, and, as well as my then limited knowledge of the language would allow, poured forth a torrent of Puharrie Billingsgate, and pointed out to the men how easy it would have been, as I had at first proposed, to have stood at his bedroom door, and given him his quietus at once with the hatchet. This was certainly foolish, for it was my own fault, being master of the ceremonies, but it gave vent to some of the disgust I experienced, and was a relief at the time.

Loading again, we followed the track. Hurrah! here's blood, and lots of it, as if poured from a watering-can, on both sides of the track. We shall find him lying dead, at no great distance; he can't go far. Never were we more mistaken. All that day, till we could see no longer, did we follow the trail, which first led us for a mile straight down the hill, then turned and brought us up again, the red stains all the way

speckling the snow, as if it had been raining blood. Darkness at length obliged us to abandon the chase, and we made our way as well as we could to the village to spend the night.

I was not very particular in those days, and the Puharries soon made me as comfortable as I wished, and after a supper of hot cakes and the sweetest of milk, I dare venture to affirm few mortals slept sounder that night than myself.

Next morning we went direct to the spot where we had left the track, and as the night had been fine, and no snow had fallen, it was quite as easily followed as on the previous day. After proceeding about half a mile, we arrived at the spot where the bear had lain all night, and his footprints were so recent, that it was evident he had only just left, probably upon hearing our advance. There was a pool of frozen blood on the snow, and a slight sprinkling upon the new trail. This rather damped our spirits, for it became quite evident that he

could not be mortally wounded. Still, as we were almost certain of eventually coming up with the chase, if we persevered, we went steadily on, first to the crest of the mountain ridge, and then down the other side, until we tracked him fairly into a cave.

What was now to be done? the entrance was only large enough to admit a man crawling on all-fours, and all within was dark as the grave. Examining the guns to ascertain they were in proper trim, we shouted into the mouth of the cavern. Not a growl followed, nor was the slightest sound heard in answer. A shot was then fired in; still no intimation of any living animal being within. We were now rather at a *non plus*. I had heard of smoking beasts out of their dens, but with wet brushwood and the ground covered with snow, it was no easy matter to find materials for the operation. At last one of the men recollected there were some old cow-sheds down the hill, and he and another were despatched to bring up a few armfuls of the

old thatch, whilst the other man and myself kept watch at the entrance of the cave.

When they returned we pushed a quantity of the dry grass into the hole, and set it on fire, after having ascertained, as well as the snow would permit, that there was no other outlet to the cavern. Whether the smoke all escaped outside, or whether the bears are, like the Puharries, proof against its effects, I will not hazard a guess, but in spite of the pungency of the dense volumes of smoke emitted by the burning thatch, the attempt to smoke out Bruin was a complete failure, and the interior of the cave remained as quiet as before. Upon due consideration, I now thought that the best thing to do was to close up the entrance with large stones, so that we could afterwards ascertain whether the bear came out or died inside; for I still fancied that he must be severely hit to have bled so freely. The hole being blocked up, directions were given to the villager to revisit the spot in four or five days, and if he found everything in the same

state, or had other reasons to suppose that the bear was dead, he was to send me word. I returned home to my own quarters.

At the expiration of four days, the villager made his appearance to report that he had been to the cave, and found everything just as we had left it; from which we concluded that the bear had died inside. Happening at the time to be very busy stuffing some birds, and not having at that period any one competent to assist me in such work, I did not wish to leave my employment, so sent my Shikaree, giving him the double gun, at his own particular request; although I laughed at the idea of his having to use it, and told him to go and drag the dead bear out of the cave, and bring me the skin and fat. Back he came the same evening without either skin or grease, but with a terrible tale of having been nearly devoured by the supposed dead bear, which he averred was well enough to eat our whole establishment.

His story ran thus. He had just gone to the village and procured a bundle of pine-

wood torches, and then proceeded to remove the stones from the mouth of the cave. Having lighted the torches, he entered the narrow passage, crawling on his hands and knees, the bear suddenly roared out in a frightful manner, and as from his position the Shikaree could not use the gun, and was totally helpless, jammed up in the narrow entrance, the poor fellow gave himself up for lost. His companion, however, hearing the roaring, dragged him out backwards by the legs. They had then reclosed the mouth of the bear's stronghold, and came to report progress.

There was now nothing for it but to go myself; next morning, therefore, saw me at the place, provided with a bundle of good pine-wood for torches, and in addition to the two guns, a spear, which I had had made purposely for bear hunting, although I had never had occasion to use it.

Before commencing operations, I cross-questioned the men closely, and it came out that the Shikaree had been afraid to go in

himself, and had sent in the man totally unarmed, and it was he, who had heard the bear growling inside. The Shikaree excused himself, by saying, he thought the bear was dead, and that the man could ascertain, as well as himself, whether it were possible to get it out, or to skin it inside. He moreover represented, that now we were aware of its being still alive, it was madness, attempting to enter such a den, where we could not even use our limbs.

Determined however to see for myself, I tied a bundle of the split pine to the end of the spear, and as soon as it burnt brightly, I held it in front, and with the double gun in the other hand, crawled, as well as I could, into the hole. A more appropriate habitation for a wild beast, could scarcely be conceived. For ten yards or more, the entrance was so narrow and low, it was impossible, even when on hands and knees, to hold one's head upright, and equally impossible to turn round.

This led into a spacious cavern, as high and large, as a good sized apartment, with several low and narrow passages, similar to the one we had entered by, (the villager had followed me in) branching from it in different directions. Giving the spear and torch to the man, I began to look around for our friend, but he was no where to be seen. The cave had no appearance of having been occupied before, but a quantity of clotted blood and other traces, pointed out the spot where the wounded bear had been very recently lying. We looked into the different passages, but most of them were so irregular and difficult to get into, that I did not venture to explore them, the more so, as the cavern soon became half filled with the dense smoke from the torch. It was altogether, a weird goblin-looking place. I could have fancied myself, in search of some hidden treasure, as we thrust the spear and torch, as far as it would reach, into the various passages, in the hope that

our friend would either come out, or give some signal of his presence. It would have made an excellent subject for an artist, and nothing was wanting to make it perfect, but a charge from the old bear; although, what in that case might have been the consequence, is hard to say. The adventure however closed without this finale, for after firing one barrel of the gun, to see if that would rouse the inmate, without his giving any signs of his presence, we again emerged into daylight. I came to the conclusion, that this bear must have been shot through the nose; and would most probably die a lingering death, in the recesses of that dark cavern, in which most likely, we were the first, and will be the last human visitors.

This is not much, you will say, to make a story of; not even a struggle, or a lucky shot, just in time to save some unfortunate or rather fortunate attendant's life or limb. I can't help it! as it happened to me, so I tell it to you. If you would like an account

of a regular bout at fisticuffs with Bruin, I must take for the actor one of my men, a good and true hunter, as the tale will show.

Some years after the occurrences just narrated, when I had learnt not to be quite so reckless myself, and preached caution to the more adventurous of my men; I happened to be sending a messenger into Mussoorie, and whilst untying my letters, I gave "Dirgoo," the hero of this story, a double gun, telling him to take a walk in the jungle and try to kill a few pheasants, to send in with the dâk runner. He took another man with him, and was sauntering along in the forest, when he heard something snore in a thick patch of ringall (not unlike an osier bed in England); I must, first however tell you, that having seen a barking-deer by the wayside, he had put a small bullet over one of the charges of shot, but the deer having bolted whilst he was doing so, the bullet remained in the gun. Hearing a noise in the ringalls,

he concluded that it was caused by pheasants, and told his companion to wait quietly, until he himself should have got above the copse, and then to pitch in some stones, so as to drive the birds towards him. All this was done, but instead of the expected pheasants, a huge black bear emerged from the ringalls close to the spot where Dirgoo had posted himself, and at once made a dash towards him. Dirgoo, in his hurry and surprise, fired the barrel which was loaded only with shot, probably forgetting all about the bullet being in the other, but having fired within a few paces, it was more than the bear liked, and it turned him into the ringalls, from whence he had come.

Dirgoo now called softly to the other man, and loading the discharged barrel with ball, they followed into the ringalls. They had not gone many yards, when the bear came at them a second time, and was rolled over, by the discharge of both

barrels; nevertheless he managed to get up again, and crawled into the thick jungle.

Making certain of finding the brute dead, they only loaded one barrel, and were led by the blood, to a mass of broken rocks, beneath which were a number of little nooks and corners. Whilst exploring these, the bear, which they had passed, suddenly rushed out, and charged them from behind. Dirgoo had just time to turn and fire the one barrel he had loaded, and stopped the enraged animal's progress only for a moment. They were standing in a kind of amphitheatre, surrounded on all sides, except on that by which they had entered, by large rocks; upon one of these Dirgoo sprung, as soon as he had fired, but his companion, in attempting to follow him, missed his footing and fell. The bear was on him in an instant, first getting hold of his hand and biting it through. The brute then put his paw under the man's head as if to raise it up, probably to get

at the face, when Dirgoo, having no time to think of reloading the gun, sprung off the rock, and getting behind the bear, seized an ear with each hand, lifting the animal up, just as he was in the act of getting the other man's head in his mouth. The struggle for a few seconds, must have been fearful, and Dirgoo must have been for the moment, nerved by almost superhuman strength, to hold such a powerful animal, but he did so, long enough to enable the other man, to crawl from under the bear and get up. Unfortunately the bear managed to turn round and face the gallant fellow, who still however kept his hold of its ears, until he had received a severe bite in each arm. During the struggle, he had got his back against one of the rocks, and collecting his nearly exhausted strength, he placed his foot against the bear's chest and threw it over, immediately springing on to the rock, upon which he had before taken refuge ; the other man, in the mean time, placed himself out of danger. All this was the work of

a few moments. The bear moved out of sight, behind some of the rocks, and the poor fellows, beginning to feel the effects of the wounds they had received, from which the blood was running in streams, made the best of their way to the village, which was nearer than our camp, and sent a messenger over to tell me what had happened.

I hastened directly to the village, to give what assistance I could, and to see what injuries they had received. Dirgoo's arms were dreadfully swollen, and in each, were four ugly, gaping wounds. The other man, thanks solely to Dirgoo's unshrinking courage, had escaped comparatively well. His hand however, was bitten right through, and he had several deep cuts upon his head, inflicted by the bear's claws.

Both men being in great pain, I had warm water fomentations applied throughout the night, which, in some measure, reduced the swelling, and allayed the pain, and afterwards, the wounds were poulticed for several

days. Dirgoo's companion soon got well, but he, poor fellow, suffered much longer, and eventually discovered that he could not bend his right elbow. This we thought was owing to some of the sinews being injured, and that it would come all right in time; but after the wounds had completely healed, it still continued stiff and useless. I took him in to Mussoorie, to consult a surgeon there, and was grieved beyond expression to learn, that the elbow had all the time been dislocated, and still more so when the doctor said it would not be advisable to attempt to reduce the dislocation, as in doing so, from the time which had elapsed, it was possible the arm might be broken. The limb still remains rigid, although without pain, and Dirgoo being a left-handed man, can still use a rifle, and has had some revenge by since slaying a goodly number of the Bruin tribe.

I must not forget to mention, that the morning after the fight, I went to the spot, and found the bear, a very large one, laying

dead; and also picked up the gun, which Dirgoo had left on the rock, being in too great pain, to bring it away.



FEMALE IBEX.

CHAPTER XI.

A London gun.—Bivouac on the Goomtee.—Brown bear and her cubs.—A pot shot.—Misses fire.—Goes off at last.—A race for life, and a lucky slide.—A morning stroll to Jallah.—A black bear.—All hands mustered. —Enter the jungle.—Bruin's charge from the cave.—Dangerous situation —A shot in the very nick of time.—Bruin rolled over.—Capture of the cubs.—Curious trait of a wild animal.—A bear and her cub in difficulties. Maternal solicitude.—Clearing the way.—A bear's charge and its rapidity —Fortunate shot.—A dance in the air.—Poor Bruin's desperate efforts.— His death.

NONE of my own adventures with bears, are to be compared with that in the foregoing chapter; but I will relate one or two, which might have ended rather tragically.

During the first summer, that I spent on the snowy range, I was rather poor in worldly goods, and possessed but one gun, a double one, which I had purchased on leaving England, new out of an ironmonger's shop in London, for 2*l.* 5*s.*, so you may imagine, that it was not a first-rate article,

and yet I did plenty of work with it, both amongst birds and beasts. At the time of which I am writing, one of the cocks had been broken by an accident, and I was obliged to do what I could, with one barrel.

You will please to imagine me, warming myself at the fire, early one morning, after a bivouac with the shepherds, on one of the summer pasture-grounds. Below us, roaring and foaming, ran the Goomtee river, over which were several snow-bridges, and a mile up the opposite hill-side, which was studded with birch trees, a brown-bear and her two cubs, were descried feeding.

Two men formed my party, and we were soon off in pursuit. A little spaniel dog of mine, was left with the shepherds, but as it commenced to howl, I made signs to them to let it go, and it joined us. Crossing the river by one of the snow-bridges, we ascended the hill, and soon came in sight of Bruin and her progeny. Leaving the two men, and the little dog held by one of them, I crept cautiously along, behind a ridge, till

I got within about fifty yards, and then, resting the gun upon a large stone, took a deliberate pot shot at the old one. The cap missed. Mrs. Bruin heard the rap of the hammer, for I saw her give a sudden start, and begin to look round. I ducked my head below the crest of the ridge, and put on a fresh cap; then, looking very carefully over, took another shot. This time the cap went off very well, but nothing else. It made the bear give a jump, and look round still more earnestly; but from the position I was in, she could not see me, as long as I kept my head below the ridge.

Taking out my powder-flask, I put as much powder as possible, down the nipple. This occupied some time, as the gun had got damp during the night; I made as much haste as I could, for I was greatly afraid that the bear would be off, without my getting a shot, for evidently she was not half satisfied with the noise she had heard, and was cocking her ears in all directions.

Again the gun was rested over the stone,

and the sight brought deliberately to bear on her shoulder. The trigger was pressed, crack went the cap; then for several seconds, the disagreeable fizzing of a gun when it hangs fire was heard, and at last—bang! The bullet must have gone up into the air, at an angle of something like 45°, for when the charge exploded, I had taken the stock from my shoulder, and was gazing at the gun in stupid bewilderment. I was not suffered to remain so long, for the bear, now seeing the quarter from whence the flash and report had come, and probably catching a glimpse of my head as well, charged right at me. I stood for half a second, scarce knowing what to do, then turned and started off down hill; as hard as ever I could go. A short way down the hill, was a small ravine, full of snow, as these places generally are in summer, and it was so steep, that in crossing it to get at the bear, I had been obliged to make little holes with the butt of my gun for each step. Fortunately I was able to reach this before the bear overtook

me, and lying on my back, and letting my feet go, was soon sliding down the smooth snow, at a much quicker rate, than a bear has ever yet gallopped. Having shot down about a hundred yards, I was brought up by the snow in a larger ravine, which was on a gentler incline, and on looking up, saw my pursuer standing at the edge of the ravine, where I had slid down from, hesitating, and looking alternately at me and her cubs, which had been left up above. She seemed half inclined to come down after me, but fortunately thought better of it, and turned back to meet her young ones.

I shall never forget that race. I must have run at least sixty yards, and slid down the snow a hundred, yet I fancy the whole did not occupy many seconds. Both bear and cubs got away unscathed, for they were far out of reach, before I could reload the gun, as I had left the powder-flask on the ground, behind the ridge, where I had put fresh powder in the nipple.

On one occasion I was saved a mangling

by a lucky shot, from a man who had not fired a gun, above half a dozen times in his life.

It was during the harvest time, when bears visit the grain-fields, and happening to take a stroll to a village near my camp at Jallah, very early in the morning, I met the men, who had been keeping watch all night, returning to their homes. They had been, as is customary in the hills, guarding their crops against the bears, and one of the villagers reported that at day-break, he had seen an old black bear and her two cubs, leave one of the fields, and go into a patch of thick jungle below. I had my rifle with me, for I had now become possessed of one, although it was somewhat on a par with my first double-gun, having cost forty rupees; and it was agreed that we should have a regular hunt for them, with all the men and dogs the village could muster. They gave me a breakfast of hot cakes, with new milk and honey, and whilst eating it, I laid the rifle on a stack of half-dried grain,

which the day before, had been brought in from the fields, and this simple act might have cost me my life. One of the villagers had an old musket, and after making him wash it, I loaded it for him myself.

The dogs and men were sent round to the further end of the jungle, whilst I, the man with the musket, and another young fellow, went direct to the spot where the bears had been seen. We found their traces at once, which were very plain, and as it would be some time before the other party could beat towards us, we followed the track a little way into the jungle. I remained behind for a moment, and had given my rifle to the young lad to carry, when they called out to me that they had lost the track; whilst going up to them I perceived the point where they had left it, and took it up myself.

I had not proceeded many yards, when the track entered a cave, at the foot of a flat-topped rock. Upon seeing this, I called out to inform them of it, and the bear must

have heard me also, for she came rushing to the mouth of the cave, but did not come out. Making a bound back, I then sprung on to the flat rock, and the two men came up to me. They had somehow or other contrived to change the guns, for the shikaree had my rifle, and the lad his musket. Taking the rifle, I sat down on the rock, and shouted for the other party to come with the dogs. The shikaree had got up a tree to make signs to them, and the lad was seated a few paces in my rear. My shouting I suppose enraged the bear, for out she came growling and gnashing her teeth; I allowed her to come quite close the same way as I had got on the rock myself, and as she rose up on her hind legs to make a dash at me, I put the rifle to my shoulder and fired, or rather made an attempt to do so, for it only snapped. The powder, injured by the steam arising from the stack of green grain, whereon I had laid the rifle, whilst breakfasting at the village, had become too damp to ignite.

Here there was no possibility of running, but I jammed the muzzle of the rifle into the brute's face, and luckily got it into her throat, which caused her to put both her paws upon it, in place of on me. I called out to the lad to fire, he leant forward, pulled the trigger, and fortunately shot the bear right through the head; she rolled over to the mouth of the cave, dead. It was like awaking from some terrible dream.

The men soon came up with the dogs, and we proceeded to get the cubs out of the cave. Two dogs were put into the cave, and one of the cubs immediately darted out; a man gave it a desperate cut over the back with his hatchet, and disabled it so much that it was easily secured. The other would not leave its stronghold, although the dogs were worrying it for half-an-hour, until at last, on pulling one of them out by the hind legs, the young bear was drawn out also, the dog having firm hold of it with his teeth.

A very singular and quite unaccountable

action of a wild animal, may perhaps amuse and interest you. I was out shooting musk-deer, and at some distance, saw a brown or snow bear, feeding on another hill-side. I stalked it, in company with one of my men, each carrying a rifle. On arriving within range, and looking over the ridge to shoot it, I saw that it was not a full-grown bear, and would neither fire myself, nor allow the man to do so, but stood up in its sight. It turned round to look at us, but did not bolt away immediately, as might have been expected, whereupon the man, to make game of it, as he said, began to beckon and call to it, as if calling a dog. For some time it stood motionless, looking at us, but at last, strange to say, it did come up to within a few paces, and even then seemed quite at a loss what to make of us. The man considered this much too near to be pleasant, so fired, and killed the poor brute dead. The only conjecture which I could form, to account for this seeming inapprehension on the part of this animal, was, that it must have

lost its dam when very young, and had never before seen a human being.

Upon one occasion, I witnessed a curious scene with a bear and her cub. I was out with a party of two or three men, and the bear was seen by one of them, feeding at the foot of some perfectly inaccessible rocks; we approached her as rapidly as possible. As soon as she saw us, she took the alarm and ran along followed by the cub, until they came to a narrow gully running from the foot of the rocks, and extending up the hill. In fact, it was a kind of chasm in the rocks forming a *cul-de-sac*. The pair were brought to a stand-still, about three hundred yards from the entrance, by the chasm terminating in a huge mass of rock; their further progress was stopped, and the precipices on either side were just as impracticable: indeed, I think that no animal whatever, could, by any possibility, have got out, except through the road below, by which it had got in. In the meantime, we had reached the foot of the rocks, and were standing at the opening of the chasm.

The old bear, when she saw us about to follow her up the cleft, made a feint to charge down, possibly hoping to intimidate us, but stopped short after making a rush of a few yards. I did not particularly want to kill her, for we were in an out-of-the-way place, where we should have been bothered with the skin, so did not ascend the gully any higher, but sat down and took a quiet shot at her, from where I was stationed, perhaps a distance of three hundred yards. Upon hearing the report, and perhaps also seeing the bullet, which missed her, strike the ground, she made a sudden spring at her young one, pulled it underneath her, and completely covered it, with her own body. In a few moments she let it go, and made another rush downwards, as if to charge, but looking wistfully at her cub, which remained stationary, turned back as before. Another shot had precisely the same effect; she no sooner heard the report, than she had the cub underneath her, and then followed a similar rush. I fired several other shots

with the same results after each, and we now saw, that she was endeavouring to induce the young one to follow her down, which it appeared afraid to do, often coming a little way, and then returning.

The anxiety of the bear, to shield her offspring from danger, and to inspire it with courage to follow her, were truly affecting. At last, after a great many shots had been fired, not one of which I believe took effect, the youngster was persuaded to face the danger, and they came down upon us like a shot. Fortunately for them, it was whilst I was reloading the rifle, and they were upon us, before I was ready. The gully was not more than ten yards wide, so they had to pass quite close; we jumped on one side to give them room, and the old lady did not attempt to molest us, but went down hill as hard as ever she could go, with her cub by her side. Before I had the rifle capped and ready, they were far enough out of our reach.

The mighty hunters and sportsmen of the plains, may talk of the charge of a tiger, or

of a wild boar, and I dare say laugh at me, for placing such a clumsy brute as a bear, in comparison with them, and yet he beats them hollow, in the quickness of his charge, and many people who have stood it, will doubtless agree with me in thinking so. It must, however, be borne in mind that a man may shoot bears for years and never see a real downright charge. They will often make a rush at their pursuer, rising, as they close, upon their hind legs, and stretching out their fore paws to seize hold, but at times they will come as if shot out of a cannon; you see a mass of black fur, and before you can even turn, it is upon you.

I recollect on one occasion, taking a shot at a bear, as it was peering down at me over a bush; I could only see its head, and it might have been eighty yards or so distant, and considerably higher up the hill than I was myself. The ball from the first barrel (I now possessed an excellent double rifle), went through one of its ears, and just grazed the skin all down the back. Without

an instant's hesitation it rushed down, and I really never saw anything come at such a pace. It scarcely could have been quicker if it had been pitched at me. I had just time to cock the other barrel, pull the trigger, and not a second to spare. The bear must have been within a yard when I did so, and it was, I think, one of the luckiest shots I ever fired, for taking aim was quite out of the question. The ball hit the animal right in the mouth, smashing a good many teeth, and entering the brain, which laid it dead at my feet.

Rather laughable scenes occur at times, in bear hunting. Picture me to yourself, sitting under one of the monarchs of the forest, a huge oak tree. The lowest branch is perhaps thirty feet from the ground; about half-way out on this, is a huge black bear, his fore-paws clasped firmly round it, and the rest of his body dangling in the air. He has just received a bullet through his body, and cannot with all his strength, recover his footing on the tree. We know

he is safe, for independently of the double rifle, that rests across my knee, the fall alone from that height, would knock the wind out of his body for some time, and leave him at our mercy; so we sit quietly to enjoy what the Puharries call the fun. Mark him now! what desperate efforts he makes to swing his hind legs on to the branch, resting at intervals, and again and again renewing the attempt! then, when he finds it is vain, how he looks, first up into the tree, and then down at us, his foes, upon the ground. He is getting tired now, and begins to cry out; and what more natural than that cry! it tells us as plainly as words could do, the dread of some impending horror; another look or two up and down, the gripe is relaxed, and his fall shakes the ground. Surely half his bones must be broken? not so; it takes a good deal to kill a bear; in a few moments he begins to move, and at last lifts up his head, but a bullet, sent crashing through his brain, puts him out of his misery.

Many scenes, somewhat resembling this, occur, when hunting bears in the oak forests, during the acorn season; most of them are then shot in trees.



GEROW.

CHAPTER XII.

Lloyd's "Field Sports of Norway and Sweden."—Resemblance between the brown bear of Northern Europe and the Himalayan snow bear.—"Tappen."—Sleep through the winter.—Facility with which the young of the snow bear are tamed.—An old bear killed.—Catching the cubs.—How they fought and escaped.—Captured at last.—Affecting scene.—Soon reconciled to their fate.—Bear caught in a musk-deer snare.—Unable to set itself free.—A snare described.—Bruin's pitiable condition.—A three-legged bear.—Leopard shooting.—Novel method.—Impromptu lantern.—Lucky shot.—Wild boars.—The hunt.—Brought to bay.—A discussion settled.—A gallant defence.—Strong positions.—Death of the boar.

SOME time ago, I read Lloyd's "Field Sports in Norway and Sweden," a work to me of considerable interest. It contains a great deal of information, relative to the brown bear of northern Europe, which from his description, much resembles our snow bear in its general habits, but it appears to be a larger animal.

He makes some interesting remarks about the "tappen," a resinous substance which

closes the animal's bowels, when it retires into its den to sleep out the winter months. I have not had a satisfactory opportunity of ascertaining whether the same process takes place with our snow bears, but I think it most probable that such is the case. They are rarely seen after the first severe fall of snow, which happens generally the beginning of December, until the return of spring, about March, passing the intervening period without partaking of food, so no doubt something of the kind must take place.

During my lengthened residence in the Himalayas, I have never known but one instance, of a snow bear having been found and killed, in its winter quarters. This was in the month of February. The villagers discovered it in a cave, whilst hunting a gerow, and although unprovided with fire-arms, managed, with the assistance of dogs, to kill it. Singularly enough, it was much fatter than snow bears generally are, yet all I have killed in the spring, have invariably

been little else than skin and bone. Every snow bear, without exception, passes the winter months in a half torpid state, but many of the black ones remain roaming about, particularly after a good acorn season.

No wild animal is, I consider, so quickly and easily tamed as the young of the snow bear. I remember at one time particularly wanting a couple, and went out for a few days purposely in search of them.

The first day, I found an old he-bear, which I wounded and lost. On the next, I killed a she-bear, but she had no cubs. On the third, I was more fortunate, for, early in the morning, I came suddenly on the mother of a family, with her two little ones, just the size I wanted. They were not more than fifty 'yards' distant, and a single bullet sufficed to roll the old lady over; she fell some hundred feet into the ravine beneath, which was full of snow.

One man had accompanied me, and we immediately set about catching the young

ones, a feat easier talked of than performed. When they saw us coming, off they started up the hill, as hard as they could go, and were very soon out of sight. Several times their cries directed us in our pursuit, but as often as we found them we lost them again; for they would not allow us to get near enough even to attempt to lay hold of them, setting off again at score the instant they caught sight of us. At last we seemed to have lost the little things altogether, we could neither see nor hear anything of them, nor trace the way they had gone. Sending the man in one direction, I went in another, and after wandering about a long while, had the satisfaction of hearing them crying some distance off, further up the hill. Following the sound, I discovered them in a little hole, and luckily got close to it, before disturbing them. Having them, as I now thought, secure, I hallooed for the man to join me, and sat down at the mouth of the hole, to await his arrival. I waited patiently for more than an hour, often getting up and

hallooing, for, having left my rifle at the spot where I had shot the old bear, I could not attract his attention in any other way, and at last, there being no signs of his coming, I had to set to work by myself.

Thrusting my arm up the hole, I could just feel some fur with the tips of my fingers, and with considerable difficulty managed to get hold of a cub, and pulled it out, biting and scratching awfully. Having got one out, the other would not stay in, so I was obliged to catch hold of it also. I soon found that I had more than I had bargained for; holding them by the scruff of their necks, one in each hand, the little brutes wriggled about so, and used their sharp claws to such good purpose on my hands, that after holding both until I was fairly beat, I was obliged to let one go. Retaining hold of one, I fastened the end of a long belt which I wore round my waist, on the neck of my captive, and set out to return to our bivouac. The little thing struggled a good deal, and when we

had gone about half a mile, just as I met my man coming up the hill, the belt broke, and away scampered the little wretch. We started after it down hill at a break-neck pace, but to no purpose, it was impossible to overtake it: and when it began to ascend the opposite hill, we were so blown that we were glad to cry enough; and went home to breakfast thoroughly disgusted.

I thought, however, that we might as well have the skin of the old one, and went out in the evening to bring it in. Strange to say we found her still alive, although unable to move from the spot, and I had to put a bullet through her head, She must have fallen at least two hundred feet, enough of itself to have killed her, one would imagine.

We had just finished stripping off the skin, and were about to come away, when we heard one of the young ones crying, and soon after saw it near the spot where I had first found them in the morning, having

most probably returned in search of its dam.

There being now two men besides myself, we succeeded in catching it, and when brought near the skin of the old one, it was quite distressing to witness the concern it evinced. First hunting for the teats, it endeavoured to suck, then began to fondle the skin about the head, as if trying to awaken it, and when it found all its efforts to do so unavailing, it coiled itself up on the skin. It did not now seem to take any notice of us, and when one of the men commenced to drag the skin along the snow, it very quietly followed; and when he had to carry the skin on his back, it kept close at his heels, and was thus taken to our camp.

Next morning we went out again, in hopes of finding the other cub, nor were we disappointed. It also had returned, and was making the forest resound with its cries. We soon caught it, but there being no skin to follow, it gave us an infinity of

trouble to lead home. After breakfast, we started to return to the village, and before we reached it in the evening, the little bears appeared so reconciled to their captivity, that we took off the ropes by which they were led, and they came along with us just like two little dogs, actually seeming afraid to be left many yards behind. For a few months, they make very nice pets, but soon become too strong and rough in their play to be left at large.

It is a very singular circumstance, that bears, when they happen to get caught by the foot, in the snares set for musk-deer, and are unable to break them by main force, never attempt to bite the snare in two, and thus liberate themselves. I have known several instances of bears, of considerable size, caught in a snare, which a fox, pole-cat, or monkey would have bitten through in a few seconds, and held for days, or until the owner of the snares pleased to destroy them. I had the curiosity one day, to walk some fifteen miles, to satisfy myself as to the

truth of this fact, which at first I rather doubted.

A villager brought me an Argus pheasant for sale, which he had caught in his musk-deer snares; at the same time asking me to go and shoot a bear, which had been caught two days ago. When I expressed a doubt as to the probability of finding it still there, he replied, "No, we were sure of doing so, for if it could not succeed in breaking the snare during the first hour or so, it would not afterwards, but if not destroyed, would there die." When we arrived at the place, sure enough there it was, and as soon as it saw us, set up a fearful howling, but did not make any violent efforts to escape. Probably the string, which had cut through the skin and deep into the flesh round the fore-paw, by which it was caught, occasioned such exquisite pain, as to prevent it from struggling. I walked up to within a few paces. The animal, a nearly grown black bear, was half-lying, half-standing, its fore-paw held up by the snare.

By those who have not seen a musk-deer snare, a good idea may be formed, by imagining a strong sapling, say ten feet high, bent down, the foot of an animal fastened to it by a piece of well-twisted whip-cord about two feet in length, and the sapling, then suffered to spring back as far as the resistance allows, to its natural upright position.

But to return to poor Bruin! it looked very wistfully at me, and then at its paw, which it frequently licked, and occasionally smoothed down with the paw at liberty; it appeared to be in great agony. One bite at the string would have liberated it in a second, yet here it had been three days and nights. I did not look at the poor brute long, but put it out of its pain with a rifle ball.

On another occasion, I was shown a cub which had been taken in the same manner. The man, in whose snares it had been caught, brought it alive to his village, and had kept it some weeks when I saw it. The

paw had mortified, where the string had been tightened round it, and had dropped off. It did not, however, seem to feel or care much about it, as I observed it when walking about, often put the stump to the ground.

Of the many leopards I have killed, none have shown sufficient sport to deserve mention, nor were the incidents that occurred, worthy of record, however interesting they were to me at the time. Some have been killed at night, over the carcasses of cattle, some met with by chance, when hunting for other animals or shooting birds, and occasionally, a few were found and killed, by tracking them in the snow. I have seldom had much trouble with them. By far the larger number were killed as first mentioned, and latterly, by a method at variance with my former ideas of the feline race.

For many years, if there was no moon, I always gave up when it became quite dark; but have lately found, that a lamp on a dark night is an excellent substitute, and perhaps I

may say, better than the moon herself; for you are secure from observation, being in total darkness yourself, whilst the carcass, and, consequently, the leopard, when he comes to eat it, are as much exposed as in broad day; nor do they seem at all timorous or afraid of the light, however glaring.

Being of the generally-credited opinion, that wild animals of the feline tribe, were afraid of fire, and would not venture close to it, I had laughed at the tale of an old shikaree, who often told me to use a light, when there was no moon. One day, however, a leopard had carried off a very favourite dog, and I determined to try the plan, anxious both to revenge the death of my dog, and to punish the spotted thief.

The dog was of a large Thibetian breed, and in fair fight, ought to have been a match for the leopard; but when sprung upon, was engaged eating a monkey I had shot the previous day, and was probably killed almost without a struggle. This was just before daylight; and as soon as morning

appeared, I followed the track, and found the body of my dog half a mile off: the leopard must have carried him in its mouth all the way, as there was no trace of its having dragged him along the ground. It must have left the carcass, upon hearing our advancing footsteps, for the ribs were only just laid bare, and scarcely any of it eaten. I returned home to breakfast, and to make preparations for a night watch; there would be no moon, so in case the leopard did not return before it was quite dark, I made a lantern, by knocking out one side of a large tin canister, and placing in it a cup of oil, in which floated a thick cotton wick.

On reaching the spot where we had left the carcass, I found to my mortification, that the leopard had returned and taken it away, and it was not without difficulty, that we succeeded in tracing it about a mile further, where we found it half-devoured. Tying what remained to a bush, we made a slight shelter about thirty yards off, by placing some bushes against a jutting piece of rock,

in such a manner, as to conceal a person crouching behind. This done, I sent home all the men but one, and ensconced myself, waiting patiently till dark, without the leopard appearing. When I could no longer see, I lit the lantern, and placed it on a stone about a yard from the carcass, so as to throw the light full upon it. I must confess, I had little expectation of seeing the leopard come near such a glaring light, made still more glaring, by being in a dark corner of the wood, overshadowed by large trees. However, in less than an hour it came, and in so stealthy a manner that, although the ground was strewed thickly with dried leaves, amongst which a mouse would have been heard, had it moved about, not the slightest sound announced its approach. As it slowly protruded its head from behind a bush, it had so singular an appearance, no other part of its body being visible, that, in spite of the light, I had some doubts whether it was the leopard or not. All doubt was dispelled, by its entering the circle of light, seizing the

carcass in its mouth, and lifting it from the ground; and although in a most unfavourable position, fearing it might snap the string, that tied the body to the bush, I fired almost at the same instant, and shot it through the head. Upon examination, the shot proved more lucky than well aimed, for the ball had passed through the carcass of the dog, then struck the leopard in the mouth, and passed downwards into its body, affording the rather singular spectacle, of a large animal shot dead without a visible wound. Soon afterwards, I tried my lantern again with success, over the carcass of a cow.

Wild boars are perhaps as dangerous, as either bears or leopards: I once had a capital hunt after one, which I will venture to relate.

Passing one day through a village, just as the men and all their dogs were starting in pursuit of one, which had been seen a few hours before, and was described to me as being a perfect monster, I determined to share in the chase. The villagers had no

fire-arms, and as I went merely to see the fun, I much against their wishes left my rifle behind.

The snow was lying thickly on the ground, so the animal was tracked without much difficulty, but as it had gone right up the hill, and the snow lay deeper and deeper the higher we ascended, the less eager of the hunters lagged behind, and gradually gave up the chase. In the end, two men and myself, with two of the best dogs, were all that followed. Those who have tried, and know from experience, the extreme toil of walking up a steep hill-side with about two feet of snow on the ground, will scarcely wonder at this. To those who have not, I would recommend the trial of a mile or two, under similar circumstances, before they despise our beaten companions. At length, the dogs brought the boar to bay, under some thick morenda pine-trees, where, from the shelter they gave, the ground was but lightly covered with snow.

When we got up to him, the boar, and an

immense brute he was, stood with his nether end against one of the trees, eyeing with that sinister look they always have, the two dogs which were baying him in front. Encouraged by our presence, the dogs did everything but actually seize him, and I expected every moment to see the boar make a charge, and turn one or both of them over. He stood, however, without any movement, except turning his head occasionally from side to side, as one or other of the dogs came too close. Altogether, he was a rather ugly-looking customer, and I almost regretted not having brought my rifle. The work, however, promised to be much more exciting, than finishing the brute with a bullet, and I soon became as much interested, as if instead of bristles, he possessed one of the finest skins in the hills. One of the men was armed with an iron spear, the other with one of the national Puharrie weapons, "a dangru," or broad-bladed hatchet; I was quite unarmed, having nothing but a stick. We were discussing the best method of attack, when the

boar put a veto upon our arguing the point any further, by making a dash forward, upsetting one of the dogs, giving it an awful gash in the hind quarters, and bolting into the forest.

Both dogs were after him at once, and before he had gone two hundred yards, he was again brought to bay in a place somewhat like the former spot, resting and sheltering his hind quarters as before, against the trunk of a tree. The man with the spear, politely handed it to me, and I could not decline the post of honour, so proffered. The charge the boar had made at the dog, however, induced me to think discretion the better part of valour, and the men did not cry shame, when, whilst the dogs were teasing him in front, I got behind the tree. I now stood a little above the boar, and could consequently strike down; so with all the force I could muster, I gave a dig, intending to hit him in the spine. The blade, or rather the point, was very dull, and the weapon glanced off his ribs almost harmlessly. He

turned at me in an instant, but as he did so, the dogs snapped at him behind, which made him resume his former position. I made another attempt to stick the brute with the spear, but with still worse luck than before; it did penetrate the skin, and must have entered some inches into the body, but the boar swerving quickly round, fairly wrenched the spear out of my hand. The dogs proved again my safeguard, for the instant the boar turned his head from them, they rushed in, and he was obliged to turn again and face them. The spear had fallen in such a manner, that it was under the boar's legs, and it seemed rather a ticklish affair to recover it again; however with the aid of a hooked stick, this was accomplished, but we were still as far from success, as at first.

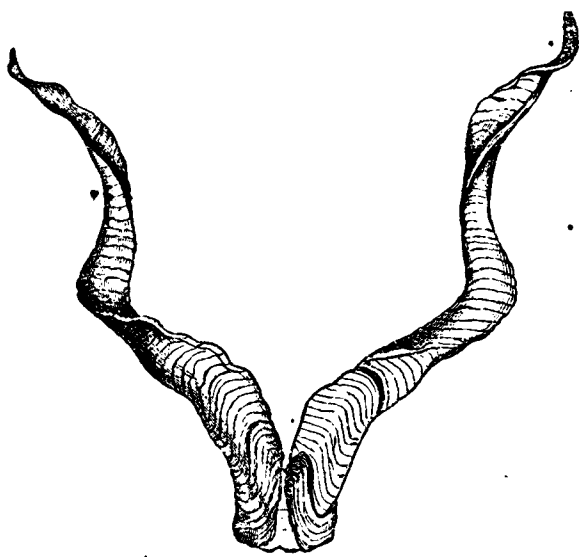
Beckoning to the man with the hatchet, he joined me behind the tree. These hatchets are very formidable weapons in the hands of those accustomed to use them, but awkward to strangers, as they are apt to turn in the hand whilst striking. The man was not at

that moment to have a chance of proving its powers, for the boar made another bolt, and took shelter in a small water-course, the banks of which were pretty high, so that his back was a little lower than the level of the ground.

The man with the hatchet stood on the edge of the bank, and made a stroke, which had it been better aimed, might have made our victory easy, but unfortunately it took effect, in the hind quarters; possibly he could not reach further forward. I now tried another dig with the spear, but this time, I fastened the man's long belt to the end of it, and instead of thrusting, threw it, lodging it between the shoulders, where it entered pretty deeply. The boar charged, and would have bolted again, but the dogs tormented him too much, and he a second time, sought shelter under the bank.

This was kept up for some time, until he had received a number of wounds, and would scarcely move when attacked. The hatchet man, at last, managed to sever the tendon

of one hind leg, which disabled him completely, and little by little his life was worried out of him. He was one of the largest boars I ever saw, and they told me afterwards, that his flesh loaded six of the villagers.



MARKHOOR.

CHAPTER XIII.

Plans for 1851.—How frustrated.—Start for the hills at last.—Meet Wilson.—Singular coincidence.—Kotenoor.—A wild boar.—Splendid charge.—Ossaroo.—My companion kills his first bear.—A dog lost.—Often carried off by leopards in the hills.—Valley of the Tonse.—The wounded bear.—Good sport during the week.—Our surgical skill called into requisition.—A wrestle with a leopard.—An ugly-looking customer.—Too much for Ossaroo's nerves.—Night sets in.—The second day's hunt.—Baffled again.—The third day's chase and the third cave.—Bruin's death.—The valley of the single family.—Abundance of game.—Musk Deer, Gooral, Tahir, and Serow.—Kooar.—Start for Penee.

1851. I HAD arranged for this year, with Wilson, to make Kote Kangra our starting point, to which place he was to bring all the men we should require, with the necessary stores, &c., from his own district. We looked forward to enjoying a more extended trip than last year's expedition, to shooting over the north-eastern slopes of the mountains, and visiting some of the countries lying beyond the Himalayas.

This plan was perforce abandoned, in consequence of the death at Umballa, of Sir Dudley Hill, which gave me a brigade command, and it was only through a variety of circumstances, chiefly accidental, that Sir Colin Campbell was left in command at Peshawur, and I was, after all, enabled to start for the hills. It was now, however, too late to carry out the original plan, and I therefore wrote to Wilson, informing him that I should come to Mussoorie, and start from thence, taking the route through Borasso, Koonawur, Peene, and Ladac, visiting Cashmere last. Colls, one of my brother officers, was my companion, and a place was kept for Sir Edward Campbell, who was to have joined us in the hills, but being detained at Simla, he was unable to do so.

We travelled dâk as usual to Mussoorie, passed a few days at the Rajpoor Hotel, awaiting the arrival of our baggage, and then being joined by Wilson and the men, took the road to Phaidee, which we reached

in good time on the 22nd of April, and commenced the latest, and one of the most successful, of my Himalayan excursions.

A serious accident had lately befallen Wilson; he had dislocated his shoulder, which obliged him, much to his vexation, to be very careful how he used the arm, and interfered greatly with his shooting. It was rather a singular coincidence, that on the very day that Wilson was hurt, I met with a very bad accident myself. In galloping across country, my Arab, putting his foot into a hole, came down, and gave me a severe fall. I was hardly able to return to cantonments, and thought I had broken my collar-bone. Thus on the same day, being some hundreds of miles apart, we were both nearly disabled; yet in spite of our disasters, we met as arranged, and went through our six months' excursion, without either of us feeling much serious inconvenience. I was particularly fortunate, for the bone, although not snapped across, was split,

and it required both time and care, to restore the full use of the arm.

Striking the Ganges at Dorasso, we turned to our left, and crossed the Jumna at Kotenoor.

Halting for a day's shooting, one march from the river, I killed a noble wild boar, after a long tracking match. Accompanied by eight or nine good men, we reached the verge of the forest, early in the morning in search of gerow. All were on the look-out, and moving steadily onwards, when a beater made signs that he had found. Joining him as speedily as possible, he pointed out to me, in place of the expected gerow, a wild hog of large size, feeding just over the hill, and about an hundred yards from me. I fired, and hitting him in the shoulder, he made off, with us at his heels. As he bled freely from his wound, we had no difficulty in following his traces down the mountain-side, for a long way: at last he turned up, again towards the crest of the hill through thick jungle, we still persevering

in the chase, now forcing our way through the tangled underwood, now creeping and crawling amongst the brushwood, but never losing the track of the wounded boar.

It has since occurred to me, that we treated him rather coolly, for the ground was so difficult, that in many places, if we had come up to him, he would have had us completely at his mercy. The pursuit had now continued some hours, so I determined to halt for breakfast, in hopes that when we ceased to press him he would lie down.

Our meal over, we were at him again. We had not gone far, however, and were following him up as fast as we could, and very carelessly, the traces being very plain; when, in a moment, out of a patch of jungle, rushed our friend, making a splendid charge at the men who were leading; away they bolted down the hill-side, and I was alone with the boar coming straight at me: I do not like running away, but in this instance

it would have been prudent. I had foolishly let one of the men carry my rifle, but luckily for me, just in the nick of time, he thrust it into my hand as he bolted. The boar's appearance was so instantaneous, and his charge so rapid, that there was no time even to raise the rifle to my shoulder; I fired from the hip, almost in his face, and missed, (nearly killing one of the runaway coolies,) the shot, however, caused him to swerve in the charge, and saved me from an awkward gash, or, perhaps, a more serious injury. The ball from my second barrel, passed through his back, and even then, whilst struggling on the ground, the gallant brute turned, and did his best to get at me. I finished the boar, with a shot from my spare rifle, and the routed beaters soon reassembled. They carried him home, delighted with the prize, for they greedily devour wild pig, although they will not look at tame pork.

We shortly afterwards fell in with Colls, who had had no sport, and we returned to

camp, where we found Wilson flown; he had left word that, being unable to shoot, he could not stand idleness, and had gone back, to bring up my sharp-sighted friend, Ossaroo, who had not as yet joined us, and whom we were afraid might not come. We could ill spare his eye. He was remarkable for the most wonderful power of vision, I ever witnessed in man; his eye was as useful as a telescope. Originally a shepherd, he was now one of the best shikaries in the hills, and possessed, moreover, the good quality of silence, and seldom spoke; when he did, he used as few words as possible, and was sometimes, by no means complimentary, in his answers. He was out upon one occasion, with Wilson and myself, and pointing out to him a black object, a long way off, that rather puzzled us, asked whether it was not a bear? "A bear!" he replied, "one of you has grown grey, and the other bald, and yet you ask me, if the black stump of a tree is a bear!"

Hoping that Wilson would be successful in his errand, we moved on toward Ossalla, in Borasso, where he was to rejoin us. Gooral being numerous about Kotenoor, we had a morning's sport amongst them; I shot but indifferently, and missed some fair chances, but Colls killed and brought in one. From thence, we passed through a very beautiful country of hills and forests, with ever varying scenery, without meeting with much success in the shooting line, and on the 3rd of May arrived at Gunga, upon the Tonse river.

Going on to Ossalla, we were overtaken by Wilson next day, which, being Sunday, was a halt, and in the evening, had the satisfaction of welcoming the arrival of Ossaroo, accompanied by a further reinforcement, of good men and tried shikaries. Just after pitching the camp at Ossalla, an old bear was seen grazing in a corn field; anxious to introduce Colls to the Bruin race, I gave him the pot shot, and he killed his first bear.

On the 5th, we moved up the valley, and encamped in a very cold spot; but there was abundance of wood, so it did not signify. This night, upon arriving at the tents, we found everything in utter confusion. A young spaniel of mine, which, being lame, always travelled on a man's back in a kilta, attended by my boy Oudea, had made his escape, and hating the Puharries, with whom he had not then formed an acquaintance, had gone off up the mountain-side, with all hands after him in full chase. The more they chased him, the more frightened the poor dog naturally became; and by the time Oudea and myself came up with his pursuers, the dog was really lost. It was now dark, and it would have answered no good purpose, to continue the search, so marking a tree, at the spot where he had been last seen, I went down to the camp with a heavy heart, for I was very fond of the dog, and gave him up as lost; for it is a lucky dog that remains out all night on any of these hills, and escapes the leopards. Next morning, taking

with me my telescope-eyed man Ossaroo, I returned to the marked tree; Wilson went back to where we had breakfasted the previous day, and Colls cruised in the offing, on the look-out. Fortune befriended me; for I had hardly reached the spot where the dog had been last seen, when Ossaroo spied him crawling out from under a rock, where he had passed the night, and he was soon hunting about again with his companions.

The loss of dogs, is one of the accidents, to which sportsmen in the hills, are especially liable, owing to the number of leopards prowling about, and never missing an opportunity of carrying one off. Once before I had lost one for four days, and only found him after a long search, when nearly starved. We could see by his tracks on the road down to Mussoorie, that he had stopped at several places, which he had visited with us, on our way up, and he was, when we met him, retracing his steps in a miserable plight,

back to the spot where he had first lost us.

Remaining in the upper part of the Tonse valley for a week, we shot over the most likely-looking spots around us, and had very fair sport.

Finding bears rather scarce, I went one morning with Wilson, very high up the river, in the hope of finding a Bruin; and after having looked over a good deal of ground, we at last saw one, leisurely descending the opposite bank. Getting easily within shot of her, as she was standing on the top of a rock, overhanging the stream, she fell backwards into the water, and I thought she was lost, for a few hundred yards below, the river was covered with ice. Revived by her cold bath, she recovered herself, as the stream was hurrying her onwards, and swam to the bank opposite to us. Wounded through the back as she was, and crippled in the hind quarters, her strength was so great, that she swam the roaring torrent with ease, but, unable to get

up the bank, she seemed puzzled what to do. Wilson ran round, and I remained to watch her, on the spot from whence I had fired. Her endeavours to get out of the river, were quite painful to witness,—now swimming into the stream, to look for an easier landing-place, then striving in vain to drag herself up the bank of snow. I was glad when Wilson arrived, and finished her; for although I show the bears no mercy, I cannot endure seeing an animal in pain and suffering, and a bear, when in trouble or difficulty, has a most expressive countenance.

Upon examination we found that our prize had evidently not been long awake from her winter's sleep, being gaunt and emaciated. When first the bears come forth in the spring, they eat but little and only dry grass; after a time, they visit the green spots, where the herbage is more succulent, and begin by degrees, to turn over the stones in search of insects, and dig in the ground for roots. On the same day, we bagged five burrell, which made up a pretty good bag.

We killed, during this week, seven burrell, eleven musk-deer, and five bears, which kept our men well supplied with plenty of food, a state of affairs which they like amazingly; and I never saw fellows with such appetites. Descending the valley again, we passed Ossalla, and encamped in a forest above Datmeer, where we remained a few days, beating the forest, and had very tolerable sport, principally amongst the tahir.

From thence we moved through Gunga to Leane, a favourite place, where we pitched the tents in a pleasant level spot; the shooting here, was not so good as we had expected, for we only bagged one bear, a few musk-deer, and a single tahir.

At Gunga, our surgical skill had been called into play. The villagers brought to us a poor fellow, for inspection and cure, as they imagine, we are able to cure everything and everybody. With him, they brought the cause of his disaster, a large leopard. It appeared, that being in charge of the village sheep, the leopard had attacked his flock,

and, unprovided with any means of defence, had actually taken the leopard in his arms, and held him, until the dogs and men came to his assistance, when his enemy was speedily dispatched. The poor fellow was dreadfully torn, but not seriously injured, and as they had smeared cow-dung all over his wounds (the usual application in India to all cuts and bruises), we ordered him to be washed and kept clean, a most unusual method of treatment to the Puharries, who have a perfect horror of water, applied outwardly.

On the 24th of May we reached Kooar, where the shooting is capital, and the scenery magnificent. The day following, being Sunday, we had our usual rest, and on the 26th, we sallied forth, to try the neighbouring beats, which, from all appearances, promised sport. Colls took one direction, whilst Wilson and I went off in another.

We had not been long looking through the forest, before lynx-eyed Ossaroo spied a

black bear, feeding on some green flats in the valley below us. Calling to Wilson, who had separated from me in the cover, and unable to make him hear, we went down by ourselves after Bruin, and soon got within shot of him. Unaware of our approach, he continued feeding quietly, about a hundred yards from us, and an awfully ugly-looking customer he was. I took great pains to kill him *dead*, but he would not place himself in a good position, and as it was growing dark, I took him where I could and fired. The ball struck him, and over he rolled, but instantly recovering himself, he came straight towards me. The nature of the ground was such, that his movements were hid by it, and I could not see him, until he was quite close, far too close, for he was within a yard, before I could fire the other barrel, which I aimed right at his head. The shot was answered by a roar, I never heard such a row in my life; it was too much for Ossaroo's nerves, and he fairly turned tail, and ran

about a dozen paces or so to the rear, omitting to put the second rifle, which he carried, into my hand. Bruin, luckily for me, satisfied with his reception, went on to the forest, and before I could get another shot, was out of sight. It was then getting dark, and we had only just time to ascertain that he bled. Wilson now came up, and after due consultation, we agreed to go home, and try again for our friend next morning.

The evening was passed as usual; dinner, whisky-punch, a cheeroot, and bed.

A bear had also been wounded by Colls, and, accompanied by Jye Sing, our best shikarie, he started early, just after day-break, in pursuit; and Wilson and I went straight to the scene of yesterday's encounter. We found no great difficulty, in tracking the animal for a considerable distance, until we arrived at a stream, or rather a river covered over with snow, where we found that at an unfrozen spot, a little way down, the bear had taken his drink. Here

we had considerable trouble, and were some time before we could ascertain the direction in which he had gone. But we managed to hit him off at last, and tracked him into a cave. How to get him out, was now the question? we reconnoitred his stronghold, and upon close examination discovered a hole in the rock, that seemed to communicate with the main cave. As soon as Wilson had taken up a position commanding the mouth of the cave, I fired a shot in at the other entrance, a noise between a grunt and a moan was the response, and out bolted Bruin. Wilson fired, missed with the first barrel, and wounded him with the second; I discharged the other barrel of the rifle which I had in my hand, but with no effect, and jumping off the rock seized my second rifle from my man, and just as the bear was ascending a high bank, I fired and he fell backwards, rolling to the foot of the bank. "Hurrah! he's done for, Wilson," I shouted out. "Not a bit, Colonel, look at him, there he goes;" and sure enough, he had got on his legs again,

and was making off up the bank, as hard as he could go. Reloading, we were soon after him, and found that he was now bleeding like a stuck pig. Placing a man upon the track, with directions to keep back, and cautiously to follow the blood; we kept a little above the line ourselves, expecting every moment to find him at bay. But no: we reached the crest of the hill in the forest, from whence there was a gentle slope of about four miles down to a stream; the blood still continuing, our pace increased from a walk to a trot, then from a trot to a run, and at length we fairly ran him home into a large cave. Here, we were regularly beat for the present. We dared not go in without lights, and he would not come out; so placing some branches before the mouth of the cave, we left him, expecting, either to find him lying dead outside in the morning, or, to have to go in and beard him in his den. Home we went, and found Colls returned; he had not been so successful even as we had been, for he had not

succeeded in finding any traces of his wounded animal.

The following morning we set forth for the cave, accompanied by villagers with dogs, crowbars, pickaxes, and torches. On reaching the spot, we found the branches all strewn about and Bruin gone; so placing the army of men, dogs, &c., in the rear, we commenced another tracking match, which proved both tedious and difficult; but we housed him at last in another cave, the third he had brought us to; it was a very large one, with a wide mouth, and from it a fall down to a stream below, through the forest, of about four hundred yards. The dogs were of no use. After a close examination of the ground, we discovered two other openings into the cave. This made three apertures; the mouth of the main cave, where Colls was stationed, and the entrances to two branches of the cavern, one to the right, and the other to the left.

"Now take up your posts,—away from the mouth of the cave, all hands,—now, Karla,

(an old hill man) hand me the torch," which he had tied on the end of a long pole, "look out," and into the cave I rammed the blazing pine, in answer came an uproar wild and loud, which cleared the neighbourhood of the cave from all supernumeraries, and sent Colls who had placed himself just at the mouth, to a safer place. "Try him again, Colonel," says Wilson, and standing ready, with rifle in hand, the man close by me thrust the torch into the hole a second time. It was too much for poor Bruin, out he rushed, and our three shots, fired as one, laid him low.

He was an enormous brute, a splendid specimen of a black bear; his powers of endurance must have been very great, for upon examination we found eight bullets in him, and he had bled freely from his numerous wounds. During the days of his youth, he had received a cut across the nose into his lower jaw, which made one of his tusks project horizontally forward, and gave him a very savage look. However there he lay,—his head is one of my Himalayan trophies,



Hoffmandel & Walters, lith.

BRUIN'S CAVE

and his magnificent skin converted into covers for holsters. Thus ended the hunt, and we returned joyfully to camp; neither I, nor Wilson, had expected to have finished him without some accident.

After breakfast we separated, Colls and Gye Sing taking one beat, and Wilson and myself another. We traversed a great deal of very good ground, and bagged two tahir; it was late before we rejoined our companion at the tents.

Next day, we started for an adjoining valley, inhabited by one man and his family, who supported them and himself, principally by the proceeds of the musk-deer which he trapped. We found him living in a comfortable cottage, and a very civil obliging fellow he was, and appeared to have no jealousy of so many rifles, encroaching upon his territories.

The valley was full of game of all kinds. Musk-deer were there in immense numbers, more plentiful than in any other part of the Himalayas with which I was acquainted

(from which we named it California); gooral, tahir, and serow were numerous; and towards the head of the valley, the ground looked very like burrell. An extended beat was arranged next day, and we made sure of making up a good bag, but were doomed to disappointment by an error of the beaters, who started before we had arrived at our stations; as it was, we only killed a female serow, and saw a good many musk-deer during the morning, we killed three in the afternoon. We sent a man to the head of the valley, to see whether we could get up without much trouble; but he reported the way up to be so bad, and also the impossibility of finding a spot whereon to pitch a tent, that we gave up the idea, and changing our ground, beat for musk-deer, bagging eight, during the next two days.

Returning to our old camp at Kooar, we halted there the first of June, shot in the neighbourhood the next, and the following day, without much success; on the latter, I

saw a couple of bears, but ill-luck accompanied me, and I failed in bringing home either. We now prepared to cross over into Koonawur *en route* to Penee.



THE OLD BEAR'S QUIETUS.

CHAPTER XIV.

Magnificent oak forests.—The winter of 1850-51.—Avalanches.—Destruction occasioned by them.—Scene in the Buspa valley.—Burrell scared by an avalanche.—Steeple chase on a glacier.—Extortion and insolence in the protected districts.—Rampore.—Seran.—The young Rajah.—Gun-cotton.—The small-pox.—Vaccination.—Teree pass.—Ibex shooting.—Tartar village.—Rumours of other shooting parties.—Push on to the Salt Lake.—Lofty pass of Parung-la.—Sickness.—"Bis."—A hunter's death.—Uninteresting country.—Tartars.—Choomureri lake.—Tartar oxen.—Salt Lake.—The kiang, or wild horse.—Shooting wild fowl.—Ovis Ammon.—Our first attempt.—Increase of our party.—Driving the wild sheep.—Success of the drive.—Consequences of abandoning your post.—Ovis Ammon shooting.—Where found.—Its exceeding shyness.—Ovis Poli.—Hear of another variety of wild sheep from the Tartars.

FROM Gunga, in our route to Koonawur, we passed through some of the most magnificent forests, of evergreen oaks, in the Himalayas.

The past winter, that of 1850-51, had been unusually severe, and more snow had fallen than had been known for years. The avalanches throughout the hills, had been terrific; large trees torn up by the roots,

the stoutest timber reft into splinters, and hill sides laid bare, marked their course, and bore ample testimony to the unusual severity of the past season. In the forests the snow in many parts was still deep, the ever hardy rhododendron bushes were just struggling into daylight, and every visible green spot bore the marks of bears in unusual numbers, deprived of much of their usual feeding ground. The village of Jacka, through which we had passed the year before, had suffered severely; more than half of it, having been carried away.

One morning when shooting in the Buspa valley, I had an oportunity of witnessing the effect, which the fall of an avalanche had upon a flock of burrell in its vicinity. We had followed about thirty burrell into an enormous abyss in the mountain's side. On reaching the highest accessible point, such a scene of utter desolation as lay around, I never beheld; masses of rock, heaps of slate, and rocky débris on all sides; apparently there was no outlet, and the mountains

covered with eternal snow, rose over the whole in solemn grandeur.

Searching this awful place, and going from ridge to ridge of rock, we at last discovered the flock, by seeing an old male burrell perched on a sharp ridge below, and between us and a glacier, above which the mountain rose abruptly and to an immense height. Whilst watching these animals, down came an avalanche of snow and ice from the mountain at the upper end of the glacier, up jumped the poor burrell; in a moment they were upon the glacier, and turning down hill, fled for their lives. I never saw animals so terrified: downwards they went at full speed, as if winged by fear;—an enormous lye ran right across the glacier, about half-way down. The old burrell, who was leading, had great difficulty in stopping; he had reached the brink of the yawning chasm, and was nearly in: he succeeded, however, in pulling up, and, turning coolly round, retired about ten paces, and then went at it like an old hunter. He cleared it well, all



Capt.n Sir E.F Campbell Bar.t del.

Hullmandel & Walton's lith.

GLACIER OF THE BUSPA VALLEY

the others following him across in gallant style. We watched them through our glasses as far as we could see, down to the river beneath, across the stream, and up the steep side of the opposite mountain; they held on their way, and never stopped even to look back, whilst within our view.

Before we crossed into Koonawur, we shot over some ground that appeared to promise good sport, but saw nothing save a solitary musk-deer, which we killed. As soon as we had entered Koonawur, our troubles as to coolies and provisions commenced. It is one of our own protected districts, and being ill-managed, we found nothing but incivility and extortion. At the very first village the jemadar would give us no coolies, although bound by his office to furnish them to travellers. Irrespective of the impossibility of moving without them, it would never have done to have passed over the man's insolent refusal; so Colls, taking with him the Jumnootrie men, went down to the village, and brought the offender up to the tents. His

hands were tied behind his back, and he was informed that if he did not instantly produce the men required, he would be flogged and taken down to the authorities at Rampore. This produced the desired effect, and the coolies soon appeared.

June 9th.—We reached Rampore on the Sutlej, by way of Jugote, and Duroo. We found the valley of the Sutlej awfully hot; and as we did not get in to Rampore, until ten o'clock, we had full benefit of the sun's rays.

Two marches brought us to Seran, one of the most picturesque places in Koonawur, and where the Rajah has a country residence. The present ruler being a boy, the district is governed during his minority by his late father's minister, a fellow not by any means over civil, and who, being under the protection of our government, cheats all travellers *ad libitum* in consequence. The young Rajah's mother was a daughter of the Rajah of Teree on the Ganges; and our Gangootrie men went and paid him their

respects. The little Rajah, to show that the march of intellect progresses even in the Himalayas, asked Wilson to procure him some gun-cotton.

On the 12th, we halted at the village just above the Wangtoo bridge, and here we found that, which we had gone so far out of our way, and made such a circuit, to avoid, viz., the small pox. The hill men are dreadfully afraid of this awful scourge, which occasionally devastates whole districts; and we arranged to let our men go back, retaining about twenty-four. They all volunteered to accompany us wherever we wished, but said that they dared not return through this country alone. The difficulties we might experience in procuring supplies, and getting shoes for so large a party, induced us to decide in parting with them; but if ever I go again, I will keep at least forty, for the trip to Cashmere. However, we vaccinated all hands before they left us, and they all reached their homes in health and safety.

During our short stay at Rampore, we met

two other travellers, from whom Wilson had fortunately procured a small quantity of fresh and good vaccine matter.

Crossing the Sutlej, we passed through Bhaboo, and arrived at the Teree Pass. The coolies on the Koonawur side gave us a great deal of bother, but we consoled ourselves with the thought, that in a day or two, we should be amongst the Tartars, and have no trouble at all.

On the 17th, we went over into Penee, and found the Pass good and easy travelling. Great numbers of ibex were seen on our way down, and as soon as the camp was pitched, we went out in the evening, all together, after them. Two were bagged, and had not Colls become rather excited, and been in a little too great a hurry, we should have killed more. The following day we descended to the first Tartar village, where we found the inhabitants not quite so obliging as usual, they being rather corrupted by their intercourse with Koonawur. One of the Koonawur men who had come over the Pass with us, was caught

persuading them to treat and charge us as they did there, and he had to run for his skin. However, we procured here all we required, in the way of supplies, and with a fresh set of coolies returned up the valley again, to the ibex ground, for another day's shooting.

The sport was indifferent, and the weather very bad; we were caught in a violent snow storm whilst on our beat, which drove us to shelter with our backs resting against a huge rock, and there fortunately being plenty of wood near at hand, a blazing fire defended us from the severity of weather. Had fortune favoured us with a reasonably fine day, we should have made up a splendid bag. We saw some of the finest ibex I have ever met with, and I knocked a female off a rock, but recovering from the first shock of the wound, she got up and went off. The weather rendered any further pursuit useless.

Next day we found it so bitterly cold, and the stock of wood in the village running so low, that notwithstanding it was Sunday,

we moved camp about six miles lower down to Leloo, and heard rumours from the villages of several parties reported to be going into Rupsha (Thibet), to shoot Ovis Ammon, the gigantic wild sheep of Ladak, and Chinese Tartary. After due consultation, we agreed to push on quickly, so as to have the first of the shooting around the Salt Lake. This put an end at once to the hopes we had indulged in, of good sport amongst the ibex in this valley, and I have always regretted our change of plan; for I find that there are very few people, out of all the numerous sporting visitors to the Himalayas, who do much harm to the shooting in out-of-the-way districts, as they do not like the very hard work.

Descending into Spitee, we left Dankur on the right hand, and arrived at Kewar, where we halted for a day, and I went out with Wilson to see what was to be got. We might as well have remained in camp, for we saw only a few female ibex, and some burrell.

On the 26th, we encamped at the foot of the Parung-la-Pass, one of the highest in this part of the Himalayas, being 19,500 feet above the sea. We heard to-day, that one of the expected parties was a march behind us. Ossaroo was taken very ill during the night, and being unable to move next morning, we were forced to leave him behind, with old Karla, to take care of him. Colls went on up the pass with the main body, and, having remained behind with Wilson to see if Ossaroo got better, I went on by myself, leaving Wilson to follow. I had not, however, proceeded very far, before I found one of our men lying down, with every appearance of having been struck with apoplexy. He was suffering from what the natives call "biss," having been knocked up by the rarity of the air, at this elevation. Strong measures in these cases are indispensable, so I kicked him up, and as he could hardly stand, much less walk without assistance, I took his arm, and led him down to where Wilson was, giving him

an occasional lick on the head, or a rap over the shins, to keep him awake; had he slept, he would have died. I left him in charge of a man, who was to accompany him home by way of Kooloo and Kote Kangra; but in the course of a few days, he rejoined us, in company with Ossaroo and Karla, and never suffered again whilst with us, although he had often to go up very high into the snow, as he carried one of the breakfast kiltas.

One of my men related an anecdote of a poor fellow, who lost his life under rather singular circumstances, from the irresistible inclination to sleep, produced by excessive cold. Pursuing an old tahir, during the winter, amongst the rocks, he had at last succeeded in driving it over a precipice. The tahir fell amongst the villagers who were below, but it was now dusk, and the Puharrie, surrounded by dangers, was unable either to find his way back, or even move from the narrow ledge of rock, from which the tahir had taken its last leap. Calling to his friends below, he acquainted

them with his situation; unable to afford him any other assistance, they lighted fires, and endeavoured to keep him awake by frequent shoutings, but their efforts were in vain; unable to resist the overpowering drowsiness which assailed him, he yielded, and towards the middle of the night, down he came, dead as his victim, the poor tahir.

Penee, Spitee, and indeed all Thibet, are, with regard to scenery and general appearance, very uninteresting; cold, bleak countries, dreary and monotonous, where even in the month of June, it often freezes at night; in winter it must be awful. The more we were brought in contact with the Tartars, the more I liked them; simple in their manners, and obliging in their dispositions. Buddists in religion, those who are stationary, usually select a rock or some other lofty site for their villages, where house is built, or rather piled, above house, with the temple and lamas' residence upon the highest point in the centre.

Wilson, who had come over to us, re-crossed the pass to visit Ossaroo, and take him some medicine. He returned on Sunday the 29th, and found us encamped at the foot of the Choomureri Lake, a sheet of water about twenty miles long, and six broad. He reported unfavourably of the poor shikarie, but had left him in good hands, under the care of the party who were following us, and who had reached the foot of the pass.

Our route lay along the lake, and at its head, we found encamped the chief of a tribe of wandering Tartars, who, like the Bedouins of the desert, have no fixed residences, but roaming about with their flocks and herds, dwell altogether in tents. Here we dismissed our Spitee Tartars, and placed all our baggage under the charge of the wilder race, our newly-made acquaintances. They do not carry loads themselves, but when they move, put everything on their gahs, or pack-oxen. This breed of cattle are to be found wild, lower down the

Indus, and also in some of the further districts of Thibet.

On the 1st of July, we started with our new friends, and halted for the night in a very cold place. Next day we were caught when on the march in a heavy snow-storm, accompanied by a bitter cold wind; it was impossible to proceed, and we had to pull up and pitch the tents where we were.

The following day, we arrived at the Salt Lake. The so-called wild horse, is numerous throughout Chinese Tartary and Thibet. Several were seen to-day, and Colls killed one; he never killed another; and as for myself, I could not have fired a shot, after hearing the account of this one's death. The poor beast was badly wounded, and she (for it was a female), feeling herself struck, walked quietly up to within ten paces of Colls, and looked at him as much as to say, "What have I done to you, that you should ill-treat me?"

I could have shot as many as I pleased

without any trouble, but never fired at one. In districts, however, where they have been disturbed and fired at, they become very wild, and exceedingly difficult to approach. They are not at all like horses, but bear a wondrous similitude to a large donkey, being nearly of the same colour, and having a very big head, with long ears. Their feet are remarkably good, shaped like those of a horse; and possessing great speed, their movements are easy and graceful, when seen at such a distance, that their huge heads, are not prominent features. Usually seen in companies of from two or three, to ten or a dozen, large troops of thirty or forty are occasionally met with. When approached, they stand gazing at the intruder, until he gets within about three hundred yards, when they will trot off to a little distance, and then turn to look, standing as before, until their pursuer draws near, when they again move off. The local name of the wild horse is Kiang; young ones are occasionally caught by the Tartars, but I never heard

of any attempts being made, to tame them for use.

The march to the borders of the Salt Lake, was a long one, and it was late before we got in to camp, which we found pitched in a very exposed and open spot; an arrangement which we did not approve of at the time, but. found afterwards it was compulsory, upon account of the water, which is brackish around the lake, and in many places so bad as to be undrinkable.

The scenery around the lake, is wild and dreary, and upon its waters were always to be seen, immense flocks of wild geese and ducks. We had shot a few on the Choomureri Lake on our way up, but here we might have bagged any number of wild fowl; but our chase was for the four-legged denizens of the plains, and we only killed enough to supply the camp. They made capital soup, and were excellent when roasted.

On the 4th we set out early in the morning, in search of Ovis Ammon, the finest animal of

the sheep species, to be found in Thibet. It is said to be identical with the rocky mountain sheep of California, but whether correct in this surmise or not, it is the largest of its genus, as yet met with, by sportsmen in the East. I cannot give the measurement of a full-grown male Ovis Ammon, which I much regret, for few people when talking of a sheep, although a wild one, will picture to their minds, an animal nearly as large as a bullock, having enormous horns like those of our domestic ram, measuring nearly two feet in circumference at the base, and having only one twist. The skull and horns alone, when quite dry, will weigh about forty pounds. The legs are long, but rather light in the bone, and not made for rocky bad ground, like the burrell.

The fleece, or rather fur or hair, (for neither in this, nor any other wild sheep, does its texture approach to wool,) is short and very thick, the general colour being a light ash, except about the throat, which is white. In the females, the fore-parts are darker than

the rest of the body. We measured a female, and found her to stand thirteen hands high, reckoning from the toe to the shoulder.

The neighbourhood of the Salt Lake, is a favourite resort of the Ovis Ammon, and we had not been long out, before we found a flock of six of these splendid animals. Shy and wary in the extreme, we spent the entire day in fruitless pursuit of this flock, and with all our caution and trouble, were never able to get within a mile of them; they either saw us, or were disturbed by the movements of the numerous wild horses, scattered about the plain. In the evening we separated, taking different routes home to camp, Wilson and Colls taking one, and I another, but with the same result. On our return to the tents, we found the party which had been following in our footsteps from Spitee, arrived at the Salt Lake, and encamped close to us.

Next morning, R., one of the new comers, went out with us, and we had a long walk before breakfast in vain; but afterwards,

taking the advice of an old Tartar, we went off to some heights above our camp.

The plain in which the Salt Lake is situated, may be about thirty-five miles in length, by eighteen in breadth, and is a very favourite haunt of the wild sheep. From the heights, we soon espied a considerable flock of Ovis Ammon, and a great number of wild horses. Our plan to get a shot, was to drive them towards the heights, where we could lie in ambush. We took up our positions accordingly. R. being company, I put him in the best place; he and Colls took the right, Wilson and I the left. From our position, we could sweep the plain with our glasses, and see everything that passed below. Our four best men were despatched with orders to circle round the flock, and then, when well in their rear, to move on towards us, driving them before them. This they managed capitally, although it rather tried our patience, for they had a long way to go round.

In about two hours and a half, we saw

the wild horses begin to circle about, throwing up their heads, and showing manifest signs of uneasiness. Shortly, about a dozen broke away from the far end of the plain, galloping as they came, over another flock of Ovis Ammon, that we had not as yet seen, and the whole directed their course towards the heights, at full gallop. They soon came to where the flock we had first seen were feeding, and all came away together, as hard as they could, towards us; wild horses and sheep, all mingled in one common herd. When they came within half a mile of the rocks, the horses filed off and slackening their pace, trotted past where I lay concealed. I could have shot three or four with ease.

The Ovis Ammon came right under the heights, and then was the anxious moment, as to what direction they would take. I could see for some distance under me, towards where R. and Colls were posted, and after waiting a sufficient time, and finding that they did not show, I ran down, with an old

Tartar behind me carrying my second rifle, and just pulled up in time, to see the leading file of a flock of young males ascending the rocks in front of me. Down I sat, and waited to allow the flock to get above me; but the sight was too much for the old Tartar, he became so excited that he began to hollow, and I was obliged to fire at once, with only the chance of getting one. I put a conical ball through its heart, but was not aware of it at the time, for he went down the rocks with the rest, as hard as they all could go. I fired at them as they ran off and missed, and wishing the old Tartar, in whatever place they consider most unpleasant, I took my second rifle from him, and ran along the rocks for another shot. I had just reached the brink of a ravine, when I caught sight of them again, about 150 yards from me, making directly for the spot where R. should have been. I got a long shot in a hurry, and missed. R. had left his place, and Colls had followed him; the flock of old males had passed

close to where the latter had been posted, and the smaller lot of young males swept past the spot where the former should have been, and thus ended this beat. "Gentlemen, never leave your posts."

When we met the men, they told us a fine male was killed, and that one of them was staying where it had fallen. This proved to be the first one I had fired at; he had galloped down the hill, and then fallen dead at the bottom. Wilson from his position saw all that passed, or we should have had some difficulty in persuading our two friends, that had they stood fast in their places, they would have had such capital chances. We then examined and skinned my prize, and returned home.

Sunday was our day of rest, and the two parties dined together. R. was asked by me, to join us in Sir Edward Campbell's place, with the understanding, that if he came, R. was to vacate. Next day, we all went out together; R. got a capital chance,

and killed a female, which we did not find until the next day.

On the 8th, we moved camp up to the head of the valley, where we had some good sport, but only brought in a female, which I shot before breakfast one morning, and had a long hunt after it. We suffered somewhat from a very severe snow-storm, and on the 13th, went down again to the old spot near the lake; halted for Sunday, and on the following morning, moved off towards Ladac.

When within ten miles of Gyah, we saw a splendid flock of Ovis Ammon. It was some time, before we could decide what they were, but having made them out satisfactorily, we decided to try the plan which had succeeded before, and crown the heights, sending two men below. The drive answered our expectations admirably, and the entire flock, with the exception of a single animal, passed between R. and Colls; the former did not see his chance, but Colls wounded one very severely. The one that separated itself from the flock, was fired at by Wilson,

and then passed my station; my second shot went through his body, but he was struck too far back, and in spite of all our efforts, we never found him; a magnificent beast he was, with enormous horns. It was very late before we reached Gyah, to which place we were forced to proceed, as the baggage had all gone on there, we having been unable to stop the coolies. We returned next morning to the same ground, and spent the whole day in a fruitless search, after the wounded animals.

The Ovis Ammon are by far the hardest to kill, of all the hill animals that I have had to deal with, and unless hit in a mortal part, take a great deal of lead to stop them. We lost seven, all of them having been very hard hit.

The Ovis Ammon, appears to be scattered over all the high table-lands and hills eastward of Ladac, and considering the scanty vegetation of these regions, is in many places numerous. During summer, they are rarely seen at a lower elevation, than 15,000 feet; from that, up to 18,000, is the general altitude

of the undulating hills, and occasional abrupt peaks on the northern slopes of the Himalayas. In the winter, they resort to the valleys of the larger streams, one or two thousand feet lower. We found the males and females upon the same ground, but in separate flocks. They wander about a great deal, but the very nature of the country makes it compulsory; for a large flock, must soon crop the scanty herbage, of any single district in these sterile regions.

They are the wildest and shyest of animals, quick, both of sight and smell, to an extraordinary degree, and from the open character of the country where they are found, exceedingly difficult to stalk. The most persevering sportsman might pursue them for days, find one or more flocks each day, and yet never succeed in getting within shot. The plan we followed, of posting ourselves at points where they would be likely to pass, and then sending men round to show themselves in the opposite direction, is the only method, that has any chance of success.

When disturbed, they will sometimes stop after going a mile or so, but generally, and particularly when fired at, they go at a slashing pace across the hills, and although they may occasionally turn for a moment or two to gaze about, several ridges and valleys will be crossed, before they seem to think themselves far enough from danger.

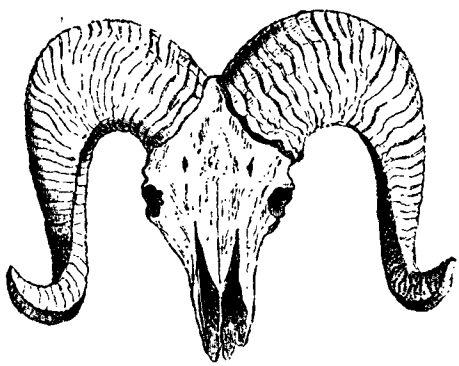
The Ovis Poli, is said to be larger than the Ovis Ammon, but as it is not found in the countries at present accessible to us, we know nothing certain about it. It is not, however, at all improbable, that still larger varieties of the wild sheep, than the Ovis Ammon, may exist in the wide-spreading and unexplored table-lands of Chinese Tartary.

Whilst at the Salt Lake, the thermometer varied from 80° in the day-time, to 30° at night.

Between Gyah and the lake, we saw a few burrell, and bagged one; there seemed to be a scarcity of game throughout the country generally.

The Tartars mentioned to us another

species of wild sheep, a few of which are to be found about the Salt Lake. They describe them, as not half the size of the Ovis Ammon, and as having short black horns. We did not see any.



OVIS AMMON.

CHAPTER XV.

The Indus.—Ladak.—Received with all the honours.—Exchange presents.—City of Ladak.—The Rajah.—Fort.—Continue our route.—Female chief.—Cross the Indus.—The Shalmar.—Drass Fort.—Enter Cashmere by the Bultul pass.—The Sona Merg valley.—Hungul stag.—Freedom from caste.—Bear shooting.—Perseverance rewarded, and the bear fished out.—A nation of liars.—The Shalimar gardens.—The lake of Cashmere.—Visit to the Maharajah.—The city of Cashmere.—Its present condition.—Ascend the Jelum.—Shooting.—Sacred cave of Umurnath.—Legends.—Dead pilgrim.—Variety of wild sheep.—Poor Dash.—Colls' adventure with a bear.—Critical position.—Severe wounds.—Bhimber pass.—Fears of the Coolies.—The Markhoor.—Return to Alibad Serai.—Pooshena.—Indifferent sport.—Re-enter the valley.—Supplies and fruit.—Fish.—Great number of bears.—Cashmerian coolies.—Leave the valley.—Catching a deserter.—Kishtewar.—Budrawer.—Dispute on the road.—Justice done.—Chumba.—The little Rajah.—Arrive at Jullunder.—Farewell to the hills.—March to Peshawur.—Return to England.

From Gyah we went down to the Indus, and keeping upon the left bank of the river, passed through Narsila and Slakna, arriving at Ladak, on the 21st of July.

The first portion of the route, that from Gyah to the Indus, lay through a very wild and beautiful valley; but from the point at

which we struck the river, it is most uninteresting, hot, dusty, and disagreeable, traversing a barren district, from three to four miles in width, extending from the Indus, to the foot of the mountain range to our left. The villages, although poor and mean, being generally planted with poplars and willows, look pretty, and are a great relief to the monotonous scenery around.

At Ladak, we were received with all the honours that could be paid. Sir Henry Lawrence had written to Gholab Sing, and he had sent orders on to Ladak, that every possible civility and attention should be paid us. The head-man, his representative, came out attended by all his train, to meet and welcome us to Ladak. We were conducted in state to a nice garden, where the poplars which grew luxuriantly, afforded a pleasant shade. Besides the poplar, the willow is the only other tree that thrives. The authorities were very anxious to fire a salute from the fort in my honour, but I declined it, upon the plea that here I was

only a Shikarie, and wished to sink the Colonel.

The Jemadar sent us sweetmeats and sheep, and the old Kardar, who is a Tartar, sent us a large pewter pot of beer and a supply of ice. It was oppressively hot, and his was certainly *the* present of the day. We gave each of them a telescope, a gift which they valued highly.

Ladak is a place of considerable size, possessing a bazar, but apparently not a very flourishing one, and trade seems to have decreased of late years, for Moorcroft mentions it, as a place of some trading importance. We found, that although 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, the climate was very hot and oppressive. There was not much either to see or to do in the town; but we halted all the next day, and received visits from the Jemadar and Kardar, who brought the present Rajah to see us. He is a stupid looking Tartar boy, pensioned by Gholab Sing, from whom, perhaps, he may receive about Rs. 5000 per annum. We visited the

fort; the garrison consisted of about a hundred ill-dressed rascally-looking fellows, and the place itself is of no great strength or importance.

The following morning, we resumed our journey towards Cashmere, and having passed through one village, halted at Burgo, where we were hospitably received and well treated by a female chief. She had lost her husband twenty years ago, prior to the conquest of these districts by the Sikhs. He was sent for one morning by the Chinese authorities, and either lost his head, or was imprisoned for life in a cage: at least he never reappeared, and was heard of no more.

Our next day's march was through Kemis, and we halted at a beautiful village beyond it, where we were supplied with fruit and vegetables. The village was placed in a grove of mulberry-trees. On the 25th, the Indus was crossed at Kalutzi. We passed also, several considerable streams this day, and the one by which our path lay, was so charged with mud, that we searched in vain

for good water to make our tea; at last, we discovered a crystal stream flowing into the muddy river from the other side, and flattered ourselves there would be a bridge, but we were doomed to be disappointed, and had to content ourselves with a kind of mud soup, whilst the clear bright water was flowing before our eyes.

Reaching Kirboo, we halted a couple of days. On Sunday evening, Wilson and I took a stroll up a valley, and saw some capital ibex ground, and plenty of their tracks. We did not, however, go after them next day, for we dedicated it to the shalmar, another variety of the wild sheep found in Ladak, and on the dry arid hills to the westward. I shot a female early in the morning, and later in the day had a long stalk after a flock of males, but did not succeed in getting a shot. They somewhat resemble the Ovis Ammon in habits, although not nearly so wild or shy. They are little more than a third the size. I am unable to say more about them, as we had but little time for observation. When

we gave up the chase, we were fully ten miles from our tents with night coming on; having to return across the river at a bridge, we expected to find ponies awaiting us there, but being disappointed, had a long weary trudge in the dark, and found Colls and R. just returned to camp, after an unsuccessful day.

Upon after-supper discussion, I found them both very anxious to get to Cashmere, so I gave up the ibex valley and the shalmar shooting, rather unwillingly, and we continued to move onwards. The shooting about Kirboo is, I am sure, capital. On the 30th we crossed a large river, up which there is another road into Cashmere, mentioned by Moorcroft.

August 1st.—We reached Drass, a fort inferior in strength to that at Ladak; here there was nothing of interest, so we went onwards a march above Drass, and encamped in a green meadow, in the midst of hills covered with brush willow and birch-trees; the first real glimpse we had had, of anything

of the sort, since we crossed the Teree pass. It is a wonderful relief, after a long absence from vegetation, to rest the eye upon a green spot, which the traveller either by sea or land, alone can appreciate. We were so pleased with our resting place, that we staid there until the 6th. Colls and R. killed a bear, and Wilson and myself taking a few men and a tent, went on a voyage of discovery up a valley, that we thought promised sport, but were mistaken. On our return to camp, we met an officer on his way to Cashmere, he passed our tents and crossed into the valley before us.

Next day, we entered Cashmere ourselves, by the Bultul pass (an easy road); overtook our yesterday's acquaintance during a heavy shower, and enjoyed a glass of port and a cheroot in his tent. Our own encampment was some way further on, near three wretched huts, on the other side of a bridge, and fifteen miles distant from the first village. A messenger was sent off to Seerinuggur, to announce to Gholab Sing

our arrival in Cashmere, and here we determined to await his return with the coolies he was desired to bring with him. We were encamped at the head of the Sona Merg valley, where the shooting is good, there being bears, and Hungul stags, in great plenty.

The view of this valley from the top of the pass, is very beautiful, but a single glance, put an end to my hope of sport in Cashmere. There was too much vegetation. In front of our camp, was a forest that looked like a park in England, so varied and interesting, that I could have stayed there a month. A mountain stream runs through the valley towards the River Jelum, and another flows in the direction of Umurnath and Palgham; Wilson and I were anxious to take the latter route to the city, leaving the others to go down direct, but the people all swore that there was no road, and as our Tartars were gone, we could not attempt it.

For the next three days, we shot through

the valley, whilst awaiting the answer from the capital. The first day, Colls and I took one direction, Wilson and R. another. We saw fresh tracks of the Hungul stag in abundance, but were not fortunate enough to find one, they were all at this time in the forests, where the rank vegetation effectually prevents shooting.

The Hungul is a noble animal. He is called by the natives "barra-sing-wallah," or, "the twelve-horned fellow," as he has six points on each horn. I much regretted not being able to get one, although at this time of the year, the horns would have been in the velvet. They seem to be almost identical with our red deer, and from their traces which I followed, appeared to travel over rocky and bad ground, with the same ease, as their noble relations in Scotland. They inhabit the hills, which form the valley of Cashmere, and are but rarely found in the valley itself, and then only in winter. During the summer, they are not often met with, from the immense extent of country

which they have to wander over; but in October, when the rutting season commences, they may be heard bellowing in the forests all day long, and are then easily found and shot. It is fortunate for them, that our sportsmen who visit Cashmere, can rarely prolong their sojourn in the valley to that time, for although tolerably numerous, they would soon be nearly exterminated. The antlers, which are shed early in spring, are picked up in the forests by the villagers, and form an article of export traffic with Ladak.

Whilst breakfasting upon snow-water tea, I observed one of the coolies eating the green dock leaves, that grew near, and on asking him what it was, he said, "Food, I am very hungry." We gave him all that remained from our meal, which although enough for four men, he devoured in no time; but the Mahometans north of India, have none of the caste prejudices, which their brethren in Bengal have borrowed

from the Hindoos, and will eat either with, or after a Christian.

Moving on towards the head of the valley, Ossaroo saw a bear feeding. Colls stalked him, whilst I went round, in case he should get away and take up hill. Colls wounded him very severely, but the jungle and vegetation were so thick, that although Bruin left a broad trail, we could not get him; it was so impossible to see, that I even lost Colls during the chase. On returning to the camp, I found R. had already come in; he declared the walking was so bad, that he preferred returning home to breaking his neck, and Wilson had gone on alone. Next day, Wilson and Colls went out to look for the wounded bear, but were unsuccessful. We killed a brace of old bears during the afternoon, and another the next day.

Our messenger returned on the 10th, accompanied by a Havildar, sent by Gholab Sing, to see that we had whatever we required; but his principal business was, to rob the coolies we employed of their pay,

which we put a stop to, as far as we were able.

On the 11th, Colls shot a fine old bear, which he lost in a deep hole in a mountain-stream. We determined to look for him; and the coolies having now arrived, R. went on with the camp next morning, whilst we went to try and get out the bear. When we arrived at the spot where old Bruin had disappeared, we found that the water had risen during the night, but it was evident where he must be. There were two channels in the stream, in one of which a large tree was jammed quite tight, and the other was full of rubbish; the latter we cleared out, friend Ossaroo looking on, with a sneer upon his countenance, thinking what fools we were. As soon as a good deal of the rubbish was got out, we found that the water in the other was lowered proportionally, and old Gye Sing, who had been very busy looking about, and poking a stick down, sang out, that he saw Bruin at the bottom. We had soon a paw up, and a rope fastened to it,

and in the course of ten minutes, we hauled him out on the far side of the stream. Leaving two hands to take his skin, we went back to a lovely spot, in what I called my park, where we breakfasted by the side of a beautifully clear and cool rivulet.

Reaching Koolon in the evening, we found our camp pitched, and R. out, looking for bears; he came in soon after us, having had a shot at an old fellow. From this place, there is a good road to the head of one of the vallies, that run up from Palgham, but the rascals all swore that they knew of none; and we only discovered it from the shepherds, when we afterwards ascended the Palgham Valley. No Cashmerian ever sticks at a falsehood, either on great or trifling occasions; indeed, upon the arrival of the coolies at the place where we parted from our Tartars, one of the Maharajah's Sepoys, who had accompanied us from Drass Fort, told us in their presence, "that we had now arrived amongst a nation of liars; and that not even the Maharajah

himself could make one out of a hundred speak the truth;" and true enough we found it.

Two days' journey brought us to the Shalimar gardens, on the borders of the far-famed lake of Cashmere, and four miles from Seerinugger. The favourite summer retreat of the Mogul emperors, the magnificent old chunar, or plane trees, alone remain in their beauty, to show what the gardens had once been. Summer palaces, baths, tanks, and fountains, still exist in a lamentable state of decay, as marks of former grandeur, and bear out the testimony of many an eastern poet, how lovely were the gardens of Cashmere, in the times of old.

Next morning, entering the lake by the canal, which leads from the gardens, we crossed it, and passing into the Jelum, arrived at the city. The lake itself, although, as it were, set in a frame of beautiful scenery, looked like a cabbage-garden afloat, and smelt of fever and ague; being shallow, it is covered with weeds, but amongst them

grew a profusion of the most lovely water-lilies, I ever beheld.

The various gardens on the Jelum, in the suburbs of the city, are pretty enough, and were occupied by British officers on leave, to whom they are lent by Gholab Sing, the garden pavilions being very pleasant summer residences. We received a present of bread and fruit from his highness, and breakfasted in a garden-house lately occupied by Colonel Steinbach, Gholab Sing's adjutant-general, who had just retired from his service.

We sent our salaam to the Nurein, regretting that we had no garments good enough, in which to pay our respects to the Maharajah; but he returned an answer, that his master would be happy to see us in any dress, and that he would call and take us to the palace, at 3 o'clock. In the meantime, we beat up the quarters of those travellers with whom we are acquainted, and gathered what information we could, about the shooting.

At the time named, we were ready, and

the Nurein's son came to conduct us to the Shergurh, the Maharajah's residence, half a palace, and half a fort, on the bank of the Jelum. We were received with all the honours; the guard turned out, "God save the Queen" was played, and we were ushered into the presence of the old Maharajah, the most talented and successful, of the now humbled body of the Sikh sirdars. He commenced the conversation (Colls being my interpreter), by apologising for not having come down-stairs to receive me, as he was very ill, which indeed was the case. He was exceedingly civil, rather overmuch so, for a delicate palate, using the customary phrases "that all he had was ours; that he was our humble servant; &c. &c., and professed that he even felt better since he had seen me," for I was the great man! He was very curious about our sport, and got hold of our chuprassy, a Hill-man, and asked him all about it! He recommended us not to go our intended route to Umurnath, but we did not take his

advice. The palace, and all about his court was dirty, and there was none of that eastern magnificence, that one naturally expected, at the royal court of Cashmere.

The City of Seerinugger, or Cashmere, is a filthy, poverty-stricken place; albeit, its general appearance, with the cedar bridges, noble river, numerous canals, and the towers of many mosques rising throughout the city, is novel and picturesque. The great natural advantages that Cashmere possesses, in her climate, soil, and water, cannot but make one regret, that where the hand of heaven has been so bountiful, man should be so degraded. A long series of bad and oppressive government has wrought the evil, and we have much to answer for, in transferring the country to Gholab Sing, selling it and its people, for filthy lucre. The price he gave, was about twenty-six lacs, somewhere about what the annual revenue of Cashmere should be, under a good government. The people, naturally a fine, handsome race, are a half-starved wretched

population. The crops are taken on account, and are doled out in quantities just sufficient to keep life and soul together. But little worth buying, is to be found in the Seerinuggur bazaars, and good shawls are not to be purchased by the mere traveller, being all made to order.

Having seen enough of the capital, we left the Shalimar Gardens on the 16th August; ourselves, men, dogs, and baggage, all conveyed in boats, and ascended the Jelum to Bij Badra, near Islamabad. We halted for breakfast, at the gardens below the city, and looked over a fine collection of skins and trophies of the chase, collected by our host.

From Bij Badra, we turned up the Palgham Valley, in the hopes of securing a Hungul stag; but the attempt was a dead failure, the luxuriance of the bushes and of the undergrowth was such, that we could do nothing, and although we persevered and tried very hard, we never succeeded in even seeing a stag. We got, however, several bears, and

saw a few ibex tracks. We traversed some very wild and difficult country, across rocks and snow, and on the 28th, arrived near the cave of Umurnath, a very sacred spot in Hindoo eyes, and a place of pilgrimage.

The annual multitude who visit the cave, had not long left it, and when we went up there next day, our fellows easily picked up a priest, to do the honours for them. It was amusing enough, to see our faithful Shikaries strip, and rubbing themselves over with white earth, go to their devotions inside. They did not seem to think it anything at all serious, as they laughed, and appeared to consider the whole business a capital joke. The cave is a large opening in a gypsum rock, under the mountain, and contains a frozen spring, in which the goddess is supposed to dwell,—a precious cold berth she has taken up, but as she occasionally visits Calcutta, and other warmer places, it is to be supposed that she only comes up here, when the heat is too great below. The priests tell of a huge black

serpent, that puts up in the cave also, but as we neither saw him, nor the goddess, I do not give it, as an authentic fact in natural history.

Within a short distance the dead body of a poor devotee was lying, his friends had left him there ill, thinking it was a sure path to heaven, he was frozen to death—his last pilgrimage was over.

The next day, we went out after a variety of wild sheep, different from any we had before seen. Colls had a shot, but missed, and as we never got one, I am unable to say what they are. I afterwards saw a few, but being hot upon an old bear, left them undisturbed.

On the 31st, we arrived at the Shesha Nag, or Silver Lake, and that evening my poor old dog, Dash, who had been ill five days, died. Going out with Wilson for our morning's beat, I told my boy to bury him, and on our return, after a long day's fag, was admiring the grave covered with flowers, which these good-natured fellows had placed over him,

when in rushed one of the men in a great state of excitement, to tell us, that Colls was very ill.

We soon, however, made out that he had been in the clutches of an old bear, and had had a most wonderful escape, but had got off with a bite through the thick part of the thigh, and a nasty long wound just under the knee and down to the bone. It appeared that he and R. were ascending the mountain, and were crawling through a very thick willow-bush, with their men and rifles close behind, when they came upon the fresh trail of a bear, which they, not very wisely, followed without much caution; indeed in such ground, the only safe way was, to have gone above, and stoned him out. There is nothing more dangerous than a bear, when suddenly awoke out of his sleep, whether amongst rocks or in forest, and although generally as much alarmed as his disturber, his first impulse is to lay hold of the offender. So it turned out with this fellow. They had not gone far, when Colls came

right upon him, he had just time to throw himself upon his face (a bear's favourite place of attack), when he was seized by the thigh. He made a violent spring down the hill amongst the brushwood, by which he shook Bruin off, but not without first receiving a second gripe, which partially missing, gave the cut under the knee. The bear then caught Colls by the foot, luckily the shoe came off, and there being no room on the field of battle for further struggles, without both going over a precipice together, the bear turned sharp to the left, leaving poor Colls, within a few feet of a fall of fifty yards over a rock.

The bear was fired at, and hit, by one of the men as he made off; this we ascertained when we visited the scene of action the next day. R. got down to Colls as soon as he could, and they then had to carry him home eight miles. He was tolerably lively when brought in, but had to be carried in a doolie for seven weeks. This untoward accident, prevented our carrying out the remainder of



A CRITICAL POSITION

our plan, with regard to shooting; and for the rest of the trip, we lost the help of a good sportsman. Bad work, for the 1st of September.

We staid here the next day, and finding Colls in good spirits and better than we could have expected, we sallied forth to view the spot where the affair took place, and see if we could not find the bear, and revenge our wounded companion. We found Colls' shoe and the blood of the enemy, but a good deal of rain having fallen since, we were unable to trace him, and the only satisfaction we had, was to know that although the bear had got off, it was with a ball through his body. We saw enough to convince us, that Colls had had a very narrow escape. R. went home to the wounded man, and Wilson and myself had a long day's work on the mountain, over capital ground, but returned empty-handed, having only seen a bear and a few wild sheep, which we could not get at. It was very late before we reached the tents, having to find our

way in the dark, over very dangerous ground.

We made a short march on the 3rd, conveying Colls in a rude litter we had constructed, and encamped in a beautiful spot; we had some trouble to decide where we should pitch the tents, each nook having, in turn, the preference. During a long and hot walk that day, we saw nothing except a musk deer or two, many bears' tracks, and old traces of stags; so we determined to leave this valley, and return to Bij Badra.

From thence we crossed over the valley to the Bhimber pass, and reached Alibad Serai upon the 8th. Here we had no end of trouble with the coolies; they were all afraid of the cold to be encountered in the pass, and had most exaggerated ideas of the danger they ran in being frozen. The fact is, the poor wretches have no fit clothing. We hunted around Alibad Serai, and leaving Colls there, at his own request, to take care of his wounds, we went over the hill.

The markhoor, a magnificent species of wild goat, which inhabits the high ridge of hills, that separates Cashmere from the plains of the Punjab, and is found on the mountains still further west, and throughout the Hazareh country, formed the chief object of this expedition. But day after day, the mist came on so thick that it was impossible to see many yards, and we were not very successful. I lost a splendid markhoor on one occasion, in a provoking manner: the animal was within thirty yards, and so placed above me, that although one of my men saw him, and pointed out the direction I was to take, the mist rolled up step by step as I ascended, keeping me enveloped in a cloud, when all was clear beyond; and although I could hear him kicking the stones down close to me, I never caught a glimpse of him, and the chance was lost.

In summer, markhoor are found on the rocks and green slopes above the forest, and during the winter, they descend to the bare hills and rocky spots in the wooded regions.

The male is the beau-ideal of a wild goat; rather larger than a tahir, which it resembles in habits, it is a much handsomer animal, with long shaggy hair, a flowing beard, and spiral horns, from three to four feet in length, and two apart at the tips, rising straight up from the forehead. The general colour of the animal is a dirty white, with a bluish tint. They have a very rank smell, much stronger than either a tahir, or the domestic goat.

Returning on the 14th to Alibad Serai, we found our patient progressing favourably, and it was arranged that, accompanied by R., he would go down to Seerinugger, whilst Wilson and I went over the hill again, to try our luck once more.

Crossing the pass to Poosheena, the first village on the Bhimber side, we hired some of its inhabitants to accompany us, and two men who called themselves Shikaries, were of the number. We passed a week here and hereabouts, with very indifferent success; one day shot a couple of old male

tahir, and although we saw a fine flock of markhoor, the mist came on as before, and we had no sport.

Re-entering the valley, we arrived at Islamabad on the 22nd, where we found our companions. Colls was going on well, but slowly. Next day, we received a passing visit from four officers, who were on their way to Seerinuggur; they dined with us, and we gave them a capital leg of mutton. By the way, the mutton pastured on the hills around Cashmere is excellent, grass fed and fat, costing three shillings a sheep. It was the best meat that we had had since the Ovis Ammon, which is by far, the finest meat I ever tasted, although thin. Throughout Cashmere, supplies are to be procured in every village, and there is, during the season, abundance of fruit, grapes, apples, pears, and walnuts, as well as very fine quinces. In the Jelum and its tributaries, there are plenty of fish, something like trout, but not nearly so good to eat, being full of bones and softish. They rise freely at a fly, and

Colls used to hobble about on his lame leg, and keep us well supplied, when we were within reach of the river.

Having given the shooting in Cashmere a fair trial, I am able to say, that it is certainly bad. Game is scarce, with the exception of bears, which *were* to be found in great numbers. A friend of mine, in whose veracity I could trust, told me, he had seen nineteen upon one hill-side at the same time. I have seen six myself. But their days are numbered; every officer, that visits the valley during the summer months, must kill his bear, and it is easily done, as the bears descend from the mountains to feed in the valley, and rob the orchards.

The great drawback to travelling in Cashmere, is the difficulty of obtaining men to carry the baggage. I had every possible advantage. The Maharajah's orders had been sent everywhere on my route, and I was attended by one of his own officers, but nothing could induce the coolies to

remain with us; the instant they thought themselves unobserved, they would put down the loads and run. I paid them regularly and fairly, and tried all ways: by the day, and they ran away; keeping them in arrears till the end of the journey, when they were to be with us for some days, and even then, abandoning what they had already earned, they ran away. At last, I found that by being very particular that they had plenty to eat, and by seeing that my own headman paid them; without letting Gholab's people have anything to do with them, we got on better, and I think, that had we remained longer in the country, we should have succeeded in attaching them to our party.

They are so ground down and cheated by their own rulers, and I fear also, sometimes illtreated by our own countrymen, who should know better, that it requires both time and trouble to convince them, that they will be treated justly and fairly. Upon the whole, I would recommend the traveller in Cashmere

to bring up his own men, and take baggage mules or ponies with him.

On the 24th; we made our final start from the valley, leaving it by the Kishtewar Pass. We had the usual trouble with the coolies, who did nothing but run away, pay or no pay, —they left their money, and bolted. In crossing the Pass, a pony carrying my bed and Wilson's, fell over the rock and broke its neck,—sixteen rupees worth! We had a little adventure in the evening, that amused us.

On reaching the halting-place, the coolies had laid down their loads and bolted; our own men had pitched the camp, and Wilson and I, having gone up the hill, they said they would go out coolie hunting. Four of our fellows accordingly, sat down in the jungle to listen for a runaway coolie, and presently heard something coming. Old Karla, who is a wag in his way, and very like a black bear in appearance, waited for the supposed fugitive, with his arms wide open to nab him, when out of the bush, as Karla was going to jump forward, came a snow bear. The tables were

turned, those who went out to catch, were nearly caught, and off they ran to the camp, as hard as they could lay legs to the ground. Luckily, the bear did not lay hold of old Karla, and we had a good laugh at them all.

Having halted a day to rest our patient—who was rapidly improving, but still had to be carried—we arrived at Kishtewar, on the last day of the month; a large populous place on the Cheenab, which formerly belonged to the Rajahs of Chumba, from whom it was taken by the Sikhs, and transferred by us to Gholab Sing. The country appeared fertile and tolerably governed, the people well-off and civil, and supplies were good and abundant.

From hence, we went on to Budrawer, another large place, finding the country much the same all the way; pheasants and chicore were to be found along the route, and they made a welcome addition to the pot.

We crossed into the Chumba district on the 4th of October, and encamped at Lungera. During this day's march, in crossing a bridge, we met a large herd of buffaloes,

and two of our people, R.'s kitmagar and bearer, asked the fellows in charge to sell them some milk, and each separately got a licking for his pains. This rather put us on the *qui vive*, so leaving Colls in his doolie, the rifles, &c. behind, we assembled our band of hill men, and went back two miles to inquire into the affair.

As every fellow, expecting a row, had armed himself with a big stick, we looked rather formidable, but on reaching the sheds occupied by people in charge of the cattle, we found the men absent and their better halves left in charge of the sheds. They vowed the men had all gone to Budrawer, upon which they were told, that unless they produced the delinquents, we would drive off their cattle, and added, we should then probably cut their throats. These empty threats had no effect, the men were still kept concealed, so the whole herd of buffaloes were driven off to our breakfast place, followed by the whole posse of old women, howling and begging to have the cattle

restored. Before long, however, a man made his appearance, and was at once recognised, as one of the ringleaders in the unprovoked assault upon our people. His hands were tied behind his back, and he was kept a prisoner. We told the head old woman, that this would not do, that we must have another. The old dame now attempted to bribe us, by bringing milk and butter, but we were inexorable; and before long, the other leader in the business was got hold of by our men, his hands also were tied, and returning the buffaloes to the old women, we carried our prisoners off to Lungera. They were brought up before the Head man of the place, their offence was clearly proved, and as soon as he had returned a verdict of "Guilty," they received two dozen a-piece, and were allowed to go.

Halting here, Sunday, we made a very long march next day, and on the following reached Chumba. When about twelve miles from the place, we found horses and ponies awaiting us, which we were forced to mount,

out of civility to the Rajah, who had sent them, and were for the same reason obliged to exchange them for an elephant, seven miles further on. Wilson and I did penance upon this occasion, for Colls was in his doolie, and had gone on ahead. We had not, however, changed for the last time.

On arriving at the hill above Chumba, we found the little Rajah, with his people around him, waiting in state to receive me. A more gentlemanly little fellow, I never met; he is just fourteen; and received us in a very pleasing style. We had to transfer ourselves from our elephant to his, and rode with him in his howdah into Chumba. He allotted to us a very pretty garden, where we found our tents already pitched, and he presented us with sweetmeats, fruit, and sheep. The little Rajah shortly took his leave. He spoke much on sporting topics, and, for his age, is a great sportsman; he told us he had already killed three leopards and six bears. We gave him a telescope, and a handsome Rogers's sporting knife,

which I had by me, and with which he was much pleased; I also, on my return, sent him a brace of spaniel puppies from Jullunder, but have never heard whether they arrived safely. I was much pleased with the lad, and hope, should our policy permit, that some day or other he may recover Kishtewar and Budrawer, districts, which to this time bear evidence, to the good government of his father.

Chumba pleased me more than any place I had seen in the hills, picturesquely situated on a plateau, with the Ravee flowing beneath it, and a fine open space, a sort of "place d'armes," forms a striking feature of the city. The streams throughout the country are well bridged, and the general appearance of the people, is that of happiness and content.

Four days from Chumba, brought us to Kote Kangra, and on the fourth day, Colls had so far recovered, as to mount a pony and ride in. On the 13th, Colls and I, leaving all behind us, started for Jullunder, on our own ponies, breakfasted

at Jewala Mookee, and did not reach the place, to which my tent and servants had been sent from the regiment, until very late. Poor Colls suffered much during this ride, as the saddle hurt his as yet unhealed wound, but his appetite not suffering, he, as well as myself, did full justice to the first really good dinner we had eaten for months. On the 14th of October, we cantered into Jullunder, about thirty-five miles, and found all well.

My sporting excursions in the Hills, are for the present ended, although I trust not for ever, and I hope that in future years, I may again wander with my friend Wilson, and sharp-eyed Ossaroo, over valley and mountain: may once more, face Bruin in his haunts, and bring down many an ibex, amidst the rocks and the snows of the Himalayas.

Shortly after my return to Jullunder, the regiment marched to Peshawur, where it arrived early in January 1852; and there being no prospect of any active employment, I determined to return home.

Leaving Peshawur, the first week in February, I embarked a month later on the Sutlej, at Ferozepoor, and descended the Indus to Tatta; an uninteresting, monotonous village, varied only by shooting alligators and wild fowl on the river, and black partridges on shore. Bidding farewell to India, for a time, I left Bombay in April, and in the following month, landed in England, after an absence of six years.



CATCHING A DESERTER.

THE END.

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